

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1864.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 1, 1857. WHOLE NUMBER THREE.

OSWALD CRAY, Mrs. Wood's New Story, and Love and the Maiden, a powerful and touching story, are now being published in THE POST.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Specimen numbers will be sent gratuitously (when written for) to those desiring of procuring subscribers.

Editors inserting the above will be entitled to an exchange.

THE HERMIT.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY AUGUST BELL.

Who thinks of the hemlocks in the dell,
Down in the dell where no winds can creep?
Yet o'er me they ever weave a spell,
And wrap me away in a magic sleep!

Out in the world with a soul all full
Of thought, I followed Ambition's call,
But one day I walked in the forest cool,
Breathed the hemlocks and lost it all!

But the trees forgot me at last, and then
I sprang with a giant's heart and strength,
Out once more to the haunts of men,
And learned the meaning of Love at length!

Oh she was beautiful, my sweet,
And her heart was as deep as a lily's too;
She had eyes such as warm hearts long to meet,
And they smiled on mine which my love shone through.

She was false, and my life grew pale,
I wandered heart-broken in forests deep,
When my wonderful hemlocks waving near
Reached out their arms and I fell asleep.

I will not leave my tree again,
My tree where the sunshine trickles through;
They are better friends than women and men,
Cold and dark,—silent and true!

Their spicy scent like an odor of balm
Glides down to me on the languid breeze;
Sleeping or waking, I lie as calm
As the violet growing beneath my tree.

But Nature, when she makes a beautiful
Head, is often so absorbed with admiration
Of her own work that she forgets the brain.



THE UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION.

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "VERNE'S PRIDE," "THE SHADOW OF ARLYDATT," "SQUIRE TRIVLYN'S HEIR," "THE MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

PART XXIII.

MORE INSTILLED DOUBT.

The air was keen and frosty, and the flags of the streets were white and clean, as Oswald Cray walked along with Jane Allister in the obscurity of the November night. So clear was the atmosphere, that the young lady, who had heard fables of the fogs of London, expressed her surprise and gratification.

"Frank, in writing to me, has sometimes compared it to a thin cloud of pea-soup," she said. "I did not think it would be bright like this. And this November."

"You should have seen it a week ago," answered Oswald Cray. "It was not a thin cloud of pea-soup, but pea-soup itself. We do not often get this clear weather in November. Were you ever in London before?"

"No, never. What a large place it is! and how the streets are crowded! At the corners of the streets I was quite jostled as I came along."

"That jostling is sometimes premeditated," Miss Allister. "I hope you did not get your pockets picked."

"I had not much to lose," she quietly answered. "But nobody attempted to touch me. I do not think this is the road I came."

"You came out of your way, no doubt."

"Yes, I was sure I did: it was very far."

"It is not very near, this way. There goes a Brompton omnibus. Had you not better get in?"

She shook her head in a decisive manner. "I'll not spend money where I can save it, and I have been used to walking all my life. I see: you would be paying for me, but I'd not let that be done. Frank has already cost you too much. You'll let me walk, please."

She was in real earnest, and he said no more. He could not but admire this straightforward Scotch girl, with her open speech, and her plain good sense. She was so young in appearance as to look like a girl, though she had herself reminded him that she was older than Frank. This, as he knew, must bring her to about two-and-thirty; and in steadiness of manner and solid independence she was two-and-forty.

Reared in her Highland home, in every comfort, for the earlier years of her life, she had since had to buffet with the world.

Her mother, a widow since Frank was two years old, had enjoyed a good income, but it died with her. The uncle in London took Frank, who was then a youth; and Jane had to seek a situation. It was not easy to find. For a governess she was not qualified, so many of what are called accomplishments are essential now-a-days, and Jane Allister had not learnt them. She had received a good education, but a strictly plain one.

Waiting and waiting! No situation offered itself; and when she heard of Mrs. Graham's she was well-nigh wearied out with the worst of all weariness—that of long-continued disappointment, of hope deferred. But for that weariness she might not have accepted a place where she was to be personal attendant as well as companion. She took it, determined to do her duty in it, to make the very best of it; and when her brother Frank wrote to her in a commotion from his distant home in London, where he was then with Bracknell and Breet, she began by making the very best of it to him, gaily and lightly. Frank had the letter yet, in which she had jokingly called him—as she had just related to Mr. Oswald Cray—a proud boy, and recommended him to "bring down" his notions. Frank Allister had never been reconciled to it yet. In his conversation of his sister with Oswald Cray he had called his sister always "companion," not "maid." As for Jane, she had grown reconciled, grown to like it;

and she had remained there all these years, conscientiously doing her duty.

"Have you lost a friend lately?" she inquired, in allusion to the escape band on Oswald's hat.

"Yes," he briefly answered, wincing at the question, could Jane Allister have seen it. All that past time, Lady Oswald's death and the events attending it, caused an inward shiver whenever they were brought to his mind.

"It is a grievous thing to lose relatives, if they are dear, to us," remarked Jane. "There is an expression in your countenance at times, I noticed, that told me you had some source of sorrow."

Whatever the expression she had noticed on his countenance, she would have seen a very marked one now, had they been, as before, face to face near a table-lamp. The old haughty pride came into it, and his brow flushed blood red. Oswald Cray was one of the very last to tolerate that his secret feelings should be observed or commented upon. As she spoke, it seemed to him as if the pain at his heart was read, his hopeless love for Sara Davenal laid bare.

"You are drawing a wrong inference, Miss Allister," he coldly said. "The friend I lost was neither near nor very dear to me. She was an old lady; a connection of my mother's family; Lady Oswald."

Jane marked the changed tone. She concluded the loss was one of pain to him, though he did not choose to say so, and she

gathered her deductions that he was one of great refinement of feeling. She had seen a broken man and a good man, and she was very worthy of trust, at present, she knew from Frank long ago.

"Why, what is it?"

Mr. Oswald Cray came to an abrupt halt in his speech. Turning out of the door of a house that they were passing, he walked as nearly to Frank against him, as the Davenal's man-servant. He did not appear in the least taken up. He looked at him and stood still with just the same composure that he would have done had he been waiting there for the passing of Mr. Oswald Cray.

"What brings you in London, Neal? You have come to see Dr. Davenal?"

"Oh, no, sir, I have not told him. A brother of mine, sir, has returned to England after an absence from it of many years, and a little property of ours that couldn't be touched while he was away, is now being divided. I spoke to Dr. Davenal and he gave me leave to come."

"Have you been up long?"

"Only three days, sir."

"Are they all well at Hallowingham?"

"Quite well, sir. Mr. Cray hurt his arm as he was getting out of the doctor's carriage, and it was bound up for a week. But it is better."

"How did he manage that?"

"I don't think he knew, sir. He fell slipped as he was stepping out, and he swung round in some way, keeping hold of the carriage with his hand bent behind. It was rather a bad sprain."

"Miss Davenal is quite well?"

"Yes, sir. Miss Sara has had a cold lately, and was looking ill, but I think it is leaving her. The captain went abroad, sir, without coming to Hallowingham, and they all bid it much."

Oswald bade the man good-night and walked on. He did not come, in his fastidious sensitiveness, to hear the looks of Sara Davenal commented on. If she did look ill, was it for his Oswald's sake?—or was she haunted with that unhappy notion which Neal had once so darkly hinted at?

Neal stood within the shade of the house looking after Mr. Oswald Cray. Or rather after the young lady leaning on his arm. Neal was very curious as to this young lady, for young she looked in Neal's eyes. While apparently his whole attention was absorbed by his conversation with Mr. Oswald Cray, he had been studying the face turned to him; a fair and sensible face, as Mr. Neal could read, though less good-looking than Miss Sara Davenal's. What with Neal's legitimate observation and his illegitimate ferreting habits, he had contrived to arrive at a very ingenious conjecture of the tacit relations which had existed between Mr. Oswald Cray and Dr. Davenal's daughter; and Neal had of late been entertaining a rather shrewd guess that Mr. Oswald Cray intended those relations to cease. He judged by the fact that the gentleman had never once since Lady Oswald's funeral been inside the doctor's doors. A formal call and a left card during one of his visits to Hallowingham, had comprised all the notice taken. Tolerably safe appearances, from which Neal drew his conclusions; and it perhaps may be pardoned a man of Neal's conclusion-drawing mind, that he asked himself whether this young lady had superseded Miss Sara.

"It looks uncommonly like it," he repeated to himself, as his gaze followed them in the distance. "I should like to be certain, and to know who she is. She looks like a lady—and she'd not take up with any body in that way who was not one. Suppose I just see where they go? I have nothing particular on my hands this evening."

Gingerly treading the streets, as one who knows he is bent upon some surreptitious expedition is apt to tread them, Neal stepped along, keeping Mr. Oswald Cray and his companion in view. After a sufficiently long walk, they entered a house on the confines of Chelsea, bordering upon Brompton; the middle house of a row of moderate-sized dwellings, with small gardens before the doors. Neal saw Mr. Oswald Cray knock, and a young servant-maid admitted them.

But this left Neal as wise as before. He could see the house, could read the name of Terrace, "Bangalore Terrace," in large black letters at either end; but this did not tell the name of the lady, or who she was; and Bangalore Terrace, though sufficiently respectable, was certainly not the class of terrace to which it might be expected Mr. Oswald Cray would go for a wife.

Neal might have remained in his ignorance until now, but for a fortunate accident. He was taking a last look at the

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1864.

REMOVED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

The Sewing Machine Premium Withdrawn.
Our offer of a Sewing Machine as a Premium is withdrawn for the present. This notice applies to the LADY'S FRIENDS as well as to the POST.

PHRENOLOGY.

In connection with our recent remarks on the subject of Phrenology, the attention of our readers is called to the following statement:—

Through the instrumentality of Dr. MacGowan, we have been taken of the heads of three of the Misses and Dances, which, now in Washington. They were some instances when it came to the point, but their heads were removed by witnessing the operation upon one of their half-breed intimates. Quo-wah-an-ah, which, being interpreted, was as sorry to say, "Bad Boy." The cast is excellent, he having very striking features. Dr. MacGowan, on measuring "Bad Boy's" head, found that in every direction it was one inch larger than any in Mr. Miller's collection—the one next largest to this Indian head being that of Secretary Chase.

Thus the head of "Bad Boy"—an Indian chief not very remarkable probably except for his propensity to mischief—was one inch larger "in every direction" than that of Mr. Chase, a man of unusual powers of mind, even for the white race. But Mr. Chase's brain may be, and probably is much finer and denser in its texture than the Indian's. But there are no means, short of such as would probably be unpleasant at present to both gentlemen, of determining with any degree of certainty the relative qualities and weight of their brains. And although we might reasonably ask "Bad Boy" to allow his head to be laid open and his brain taken out for the benefit of science—"Bad Boy's" existence being rather injurious than otherwise to society—the country could scarcely afford to part with Mr. Chase in this critical position of its financial affairs. But inasmuch as no means exist of ascertaining during life with any degree of certainty the texture and quality of the brain, phrenology as a practical means of determining with accuracy the amount of mental power is a failure.

THE MORMON IDEA.

According to a late account from Utah, published in the Atlantic Monthly, the Mormon idea of the present war is that it will go on until "the biggest part of the male Gentiles" have killed each other off, and then the rest will move out to Utah, taking all the women and children with them. Heber Kimball says this will make plenty of wives for the men, according to the Mormon proportion, and leaves some over for the saints. The writer referred to says that this ridiculous idea actually prevails among the head men of Utah. Even Brigham Young professes to believe it.

THE NEW LOAN.

We call the attention of our readers who wish to make investments, to the advertisement of the new 10-40 five per cent. loan. This loan is not redeemable before ten years, and the interest is payable in gold. At the present rate of gold, it would pay over eight per cent a year in greenbacks. While, if the war ends, and it comes down to a regular five per cent investment, the value of the principal will probably steadily increase until it reaches the old rates for U. S. five per cent. loans.

GEORGE THOMPSON.—This gentleman, who has recently done so much in England to enlighten the people to the merits of the Union cause, had a grand reception given to him in the Academy of Music last week. Horace Binney, Jr., occupied the chair, and, in addition to Mr. Thompson, the meeting was addressed by Messrs. W. D. Kelley, Benjamin H. Brewster, and Daniel Dougherty. Of the character of Mr. Thompson's oratory we cannot speak, as owing to sickness we were unable to be present—we are informed, however, that his reputation for eloquence is well deserved.

A CHANGE.—We are glad to state that the Rev. H. W. Beecher has resigned the editorial chair of the N. Y. "Independent," which, we believe, he has only informally filled for some time past, and that Mr. Theodore Tilton is to be henceforth editor-in-chief of "The Independent." Mr. Tilton is a gentleman of distinguished and varied talent—editorial, editorial and poetic—and we wish him abundant success in his new and responsible position.

CHURCH EMBLEM. By GEORGE CURRIER McWHORTER, author of a Popular Handbook of the New Testament. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blackiston, Philadelphia.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF UNIVERSAL PROGRESS; A Series of Discourses. By HERBERT SPENCER, author of "Education," &c. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Our readers will remember a number of articles on the subject of education, extracted from Mr. Spencer's work, published in THE POST several years ago. Those who read those articles will hardly need to be told that Mr. Spencer is a writer who always has something worth saying, and what is equally good, knows how to say it in a clear, brief and forcible manner. The present work contains thirteen essays on "Progress," "Manners and Fashion," "The Nubular Hypothesis," &c., and is well worth the reading. For sale by Lindsay & Blackiston, Philadelphia.

MY DAYS LIVED IN VICKSBURG. With Letters of Trial and Travel. By a Lady. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. The title of this book describes its character; it is an interesting account by a Southern lady of her life in Vicksburg during the last days of Grant. For sale by Lindsay & Blackiston, Philadelphia.

THE RED TRACK. By GEORGE ALBION, author of "The Prairie Flower," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

HINTS TO RIFLEMEN. By H. W. R. CLEVELAND. The writer offers these hints as the contributions of an old sportsman, which embody the results of his practical experience. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and for sale by Lindsay & Blackiston, Phila.

HEADACHES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY G. G.

The most convenient things in the world! Why what do you think we women would do without them? They are a cover for many aches—temper aches, jealousy aches, and a thousand other aches, not to speak of heart aches. Ah, well! they cover up a good many of those, too. Then one can look so interesting if one chooses to be seen—languidly reclining, a delicate handkerchief in one hand, a bottle of cologne in the other; and if an attentive and sympathizing creature bends over one with a fan in his hand, it becomes really quite delightful. To be sure, if one has an out and out headache, one can't enjoy such things while it lasts—in those cases one goes into remedies as a serious business, and has something else to attend to besides nonsense.

Now what other aches would answer the purpose as a headache? Toothache? Horrid! Visions of dentists with all their dreadful accompaniments would straightway arise in the mind, one couldn't be interesting under these circumstances. Earache? Pah! everybody would at once think of roasted onions, oil dropped on cotton plugs, and a dozen other like remedies. No, there is nothing to compare to a headache when one wishes to retire from conversation—to be interesting—to talk—to get out of a disagreeable engagement—to sub somebody—or in fact any of the thousand and one things that women must have an excuse for doing. Why must they have an excuse? Because it would be a pretty piece of business if they tried to do any of those things without one. Oh, bother! don't talk to me about whole-souled women that are above such things. I am talking about half-souled women that are on a level with such things.

You think you will be suspicious now of any woman that says she has a headache? Well, you had better be. That is if she makes it an excuse for not doing—or doing—something you expected her to do—or didn't expect. Take my word for it, it needs a woman to see into the causes of a woman's actions—and to tell you the truth, even a woman fails sometimes; we often mystify each other. Oh, yes! I know! There are some women whose motives and actions are transparent—but I told you before that I was speaking of a different kind. And you must confess that as a general thing your whole-souled women, and your transparent ones, don't fascinate, and bewilder, and altogether subjugate men as the other ones do. Not but that I'll acknowledge that one true-hearted, high-principled creature is worth fifty of the kind that I am talking of; and that those who do love her, continue to love her—for, to speak fairly, many a woman will turn men topsy turvy and make complete slaves of them for a time; but when that time is over, there's an end of her reign, and then her former devoted ones take off their hats, make a polite bow and walk off. Rather mortifying, but it has to be endured.

Do you suppose Miss Nell had a headache when she told poor fat Mr. Blandly, who had invited her to ride with his sister and himself, that she couldn't go on account of her poor head almost splitting? He believed her, poor fellow! and rode off with a doubtful face—but I didn't, because Captain Winton came in a moment after, and although Nell was decently languid when I went out, (I was going to look at a gem of a bonnet that was a far handsomer sight than the Captain's,) when I came back at the end of three hours, I found the hero still there,

and Miss Nell with a brilliant color, looking charming, and in fine spirits.

"Is your head better, dear?" I asked sympathizingly.

"Yes, thank you," she replied, looking at me in the most innocent way!

She had no more of a headache than I had, though I had had an aching ache when I saw a woman that looked like an ex-cook become the possessor of that bonnet.

THE GENTLEWOMAN.

FROM AN ENGLISH PERIODICAL.

The real and substantial relief for distressed ladies, is not to depend upon charity, because charity cannot be substantially extended to every eleven women out of every twelve—the preserves of paupers and the sanctuaries of sloth are already too full. Let poor ladies adopt that which gentlewomen learned when in their girlhood; let them study the manipulation of food—it is their duty; it is not difficult to a woman that can read and has a turn for industry. Moreover, let poor ladies turn their minds to that which Miss Nightingale did—and they will come in for all those praises which Lord Brougham so eloquently bestowed on the Sisters of Charity—and they will no longer have occasion to talk of the want of employment; let them reconcile their minds to work, for work they must and not think work beneath them; let them read Burke on the vicissitudes of families; and let those poor ladies who have depended on a pretty face and personal appearance to gain a husband, learn "that few men can support women merely for ornament, and soon they tire of their toys."

Let them acquire the knowledge which is so befitting a female—so simple, so easy—and which would place them above general penury, and they may firmly rely that they will be treated with all the respect, all the kindness, and all the consideration that is at all times yielded to useful industry, and there would end the misfortunes of poor ladies and the great social evil. Lastly, let all ladies without education, or with a bad education, abandon the idea that they are fitted for "anything not mental," or "anything gentle," and not forget that twenty millions sterling is annually wasted in food by the people that require "anything not mental"—"anything gentle."

In the present day girls in every rank of life seem to think every kind of work shameful. Fifty years ago young gentlewomen looked after their own wardrobe; and when the fire required coals they did not ring for the servant to put them on. Now young ladies, with only yellow shoes for their furniture, cannot do that which the young gentlewomen did. Now they want somebody even to put on their stockings; and if their parents should by chance keep a carriage, although it, looking to all things, they ought not to do so, yet the silly creatures look for husbands as well placed as their parents, and assume that they are to start where the parents leave off; the poor things think of carriages and servants, and the usual indications of wealth, which turns out a dream never to be achieved.

It is a fact that, from the most ancient times, the duty of the superintendence of cooking has never been lost sight of by the highest orders all over the Continent, any more than it has been by our own nobility, among whom, in the present day, may be named the Duchess of Marlborough, the Marchioness of Londonderry, and the Countess of Stratford de Redcliffe; so that the excuse of the ten millions of English ladies, "that it is a degrading occupation," fails.

But what will these ten millions of females say when they learn that Queen Victoria, the highest gentlewoman in the land, did, down to the lamented death of the Prince, pay daily visits of inspection of her kitchen, pantry, confectionery, still room, and was proud of, and did herself show those rooms to her visitors when staying at the Castle; and, carrying out the recognized principle of female duty, model kitchens were constructed at Windsor and Osborne, where all the princesses, from the eldest downwards, have passed a portion of each day in acquiring a knowledge of the various duties of domestic economy in the management of a household. In their model kitchen the princesses have daily practised the art of cooking, and also confectionery, in all its various branches. There is a small storeroom adjoining each kitchen, where each princess in turn gives out the stores, weighing or measuring each article, and making an entry thereof in a book kept for the purpose; besides which, the princesses make bread; and that is not all—they have a dairy where they churn butter and make cheese.

Refinement belongs only to those whose tastes accord with perfection, and it is beyond all question that the characteristics of those that feed upon half-dressed or spoiled food are barbarous in mind and barbarous in complexion, which is the cause of so many jaundiced complaints that quack undertakes to cure, but which end in weakness, exhaustion, and early death.

It is a lamentable fact, that in England upwards of twenty millions of English money is annually wasted—yes, actually wasted—in the destruction of human food among

a class of people that can ill afford with it waste.

So much for the principle. In the practical way of applying a remedy, there will be some difference of opinion. Our author's hobby is a model kitchen, an American one, the use of gas, by which systems of Indian or fine-art cookery, or a mechanical of any little dexterity resembling the preceding Anglo's dinner, can be cooked on the sideboard; and the use of portable stoves, by which cleanliness, comfort, and perfection of cooking, are secured. The dishes, too, are cheap and elegant in shape. "Fancy," says our gastronomic author, "dishes of salmon brought from the store, looking what an artist would paint, rather than a piece of cookery; a dish of quail in their gulf of lard and vine-leaves, at the very moment they are ready, without the trouble of re-dishing and disturbing their beauty!"

What better can occupy the attention of the young gentlewoman—what is more interesting than the study of the art and practice of this elegant employment? We have already seen that our princesses have adopted it, and we need only to read "Fanny's Royal Confectioner," a book more amusing than the Arabian Nights. What can be more interesting than the preparation of fruits in sugar, or in spirits; the preparations of all kinds of syrups; English, foreign and national fancy beverages, and candies, plain and fancy bread-baking, ornamental confectionery, the dishing up of fruits, and the general economy and arrangement of desserts? Surely it is preferable to thus amuse and occupy the mind than poring over the nonsense in "La Follet."

In striking contrast with the treatment bestowed by the rebels upon the dead, and the meering remark of the Richmond Enquirer that "Yankee bodies are hardly fit to manure Virginia lands," is the proposition of the Gettysburg people to remove the rebel dead, buried on the field of battle, to some place selected, where they remain will be undisturbed and secure from the farmer's ploughshare. It is but another proof of the softening influence of civilization on the human heart, and is readiness under Christian principles to return good for evil.

A Portland, Me., paper tells us that on some question of a local interest, under discussion in the Legislature of that State, one day last week, Mr. Barker made a long and somewhat rambling speech, in which he alluded to the ignorance of the negroes of the people of York county, as he termed it, on a political tour which he made amongst them, last fall. He said that among other things he discovered the people of York county had abandoned all belief in the existence of the Devil, and he mingled his mock and satirical lamentations with the announcement of this regretful discovery about the people in that part of the State. On his taking his seat, Mr. Goodwin, a member from a town in that county, rose and said that the experience of the gentleman, last fall, might have been true, but since the visit of that gentleman to York, the people there, to a man, had recovered their convictions, and had now not the least doubt that there was a devil about.

ARTIFICIAL RAINBOW.—M. J. Dolese has contrived for the French theatre a method of imitating the rainbow, of which Cosmos speaks very highly. He employs an electric light, obtained with the aid of 100 Bunsen elements. The first lens of his optical apparatus renders the rays from this source parallel, and transmits them through a rainbow-shaped hole in a screen to a double convex lens of very short focus, from which they pass to a prism, and emerge with sufficient divergence to make an effective rainbow on a screen about six yards off. This rainbow is said to be brilliant even when the whole scene is lit up.—*Court Journal.*

Laborers have become so scarce in the Western States that the farmers have sent a man named Armstrong, a Scotchman by birth, to his native country to procure a number of laboring men. He will also procure female help for such as may desire it. He will bring none but good help, such as have been trained in the families of the upper and middle classes. He will engage them for one year at \$1.25 per week, and half to be retained to pay their passage. Mr. Armstrong thinks the passage from Glasgow will cost \$38.50, which must be advanced on their arrival.

A reporter of the Poughkeepsie Literary Fair tells this story:—"Passing through one of the halls, a placard caught my eye: 'Representation of a bona fide Historical Event; persons taken in for testem.' I smiled in. A young lady pulled a bone across a huge piece of ham rind, which she was pleased to inform me represented Bonaparte crossing the Rhine."

THACKERAY IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—A deputation, headed by Mr. Charles Dickens, is to wait on the Dean of Westminster, relative to a statue or bust of Thackeray in Westminster Abbey.—*Court Journal.*

"Hang it!" exclaimed a famous painter, who was engaged on a picture of King Lear—"I cannot impart the wild expression of insanity to the face." "Why don't you touch it up with a little madness?" asked a facetious friend at his elbow.

There was a heated story, at the right of the window, behind the head of the first-story window, when the same current who had been the first-story window, but had been just passed on her head, the window being, and a jag and lath by in her hand. An old woman, the unaccounted house-keeper, had just passed it up.

"I'm sure I'm much obliged to you, sir," she said, civility. "What's the matter with those windows? I don't know how to get them open. One doesn't know whether to fix 'em a-top of the block or a-bottom of 'em."

"Can you tell me where a fine—"

"It is very unfortunate," looks of Miss to a time of variation. "I am in search of a young lady on a little matter of business, and I have forgotten her number. I think this lives at number five, but I am not sure."

"Number five's out here," said the girl, sitting readily into the trap. "There ain't no young lady living there. There's three young ladies at number six, sir; perhaps it's one of 'em."

"No young lady living at number five?" repeated Neal.

"No, there isn't. There's only my mind and me and two more and the gentleman who's in on the first floor. But perhaps you mean the old gentleman's sister?" she asked, the thought striking her. "She came to our house to-day, all the way from Scotland, and she's going to stop with him."

Neal hardly thought this could apply. The young lady did not look as though she had just come off a long journey.

"I don't know," said he. "What is her name?"

"Her name's the same as her brother's—Allister. If you'd been here two minutes sooner, sir, you might have seen her, for she's just come in with Mr. Oswald Gray. He's a gentleman who comes to see Mr. Allister."

"Allister! The name was conclusive without the other testimony. Neal had once heard Mr. Oswald Gray describe his friend Allister's symptoms to Dr. Deverall. This girl with the pleasant face was Miss Allister, then?"

"Ah, we're not the same," said he cautiously. "I must come down by daylight and look out. Good-night, young woman; I am sorry to have detained you," he added, as he walked away.

"Miss Allister?" repeated Neal to himself. "And so the brother's not dead yet! Why I remember Mr. Oswald Gray saying he could not live a week—and that's three months ago."

Frank Allister was sitting between the fire and the table, reading by the light of the lamp, when they entered. He was slight and short; with a fair skin like his sister's, and a long, thin neck. The room was very small, as the drawing-rooms (as they are called) in these unpretending suburban houses mostly are. What with the smallness of the room and the heavy closeness of the furniture, Miss Allister had felt stifled since she arrived that day. Frank, without rising from his seat, turned round and held his thin white fingers towards Oswald Gray, who grasped them.

"Jane, where have you been? I thought you only went out for a few minutes' walk."

"I thought I would go as far as Mr. Oswald Gray's, Frank, and thank him for his attention to you," was her answer. "He has been so kind as to walk back with me."

"But how did you find your way?" cried Frank, wonderingly.

"I inquired. But I suppose I was stupid at understanding, for I went out of my way. What a busy place London is! I should get bewildered if I lived in it long."

Oswald Gray laughed.

"It would be just the contrary, Miss Allister. The longer you lived in it the less bewildered you would be."

"Ah, yes," she answered; "we reconcile us to most things."

She had laid her bonnet and black shawl on a chair and was going noiselessly from one part of the room to another, putting in order things that Frank had disturbed since her departure. He had wanted a particular book, and to get it had displaced two whole shelves of the chest. The coal box stood in the middle of the room, and a few shins, instead, the centre ornament of the chest, lay on a chair. But the room, in its present general neatness and order, looked different from anything Oswald had ever seen it. Sometimes there had not been, as the saying runs, a place to sit upon. Frank III, and perhaps Charles, had laid their heads to how his room went, and his landlady and his landlady's maid had not much bettered themselves in the matter.

When Jane arrived, she had taken in all the furniture of the first place, and did not sit down until it was remedied. Frank's landlady was at the back, opening from a small room, a doorway, at the head of the stairs, which was to be Jane's.

Oswald followed her with his eyes, as she moved about in her simple modestness. Perhaps he realized that he had such a sister to make his home a prettier place than it was made by Miss Jane. She was very small in stature, and the little of her soft black dress and white collar, her light hair and eyes, looked rather low on the cheeks, and

looked into a coil on her neck behind. Without her out-door things she looked, if anything, younger than she did in them.

"And so you want to see Oswald Gray's inspiring your way?" cried Frank. "I say, young lady, that's not the fashion of doing things in London."

"Maybe not," answered Jane. "I don't say I and London will not agree in our notions of fashion. Have you taken your milk, Frank?"

"I should think so. It was smoked again."

"Smoked?" cried Jane, turning round and looking at him.

"It's generally so smoked," continued Frank. "I think their conscience downstairs must be constructed on the plan of letting the smoke in."

Jane said no more. She inwardly resolved that neither Frank's milk nor any thing else that he took should be smoked in future.

"Why don't you sit down, Oswald. Are you afraid of Jane?"

"Not very much," Oswald answered, looking round at her with a smile. "The fact is, Frank, I have some work to do at home to-night, and must get back."

"Plans to go over?"

"That and other things."

"I shall soon be well enough to come out again and go to work," resumed Frank Allister; and his confident tone proved how firm was his belief in his own words.

"Will Blackwell and Street take me on again?"

"I think you will soon be out if you go on improving at this rate," answered Oswald, ignoring the last portion of Frank's words. "You look better this evening than you have looked yet."

"Oh, I am all right. But of course I look better now Jane's here. Nearly the first thing she did was to part and brush my hair, and make me put on a clean collar. Only fancy her coming upon me to-day without warning! When the girl came up to say there was a lady at the door in a cab for Mr. Allister, I thought of anybody rather than Jane."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE WHITE JESSAMINE.

Next thou fell, on calm, still evening, o'er the beds of flowers, and grass,
Or through half-closed open windows, faint delicate fragrance pass?

Though the rose be gaily blushing, scenting fragrant air of June,
Feasting thousand bees and sphinxes, all a happy afternoon.

This perfume is not from roses—not from mignonette, nor where
Hellebore and clove-earrings charm the myrtle-shaded air.

The white jessamine is blooming—many a blossom pale relieve
You broad mass of thick-grown foliage, that the bounteous season weaves;

The white jessamine—that richer, finer than
Spring's powers,
Blooms about each painted lily, and bell-drooping
fuchsia's flowers;

She that clustering climbs about the trellises
and wall, while trees
Send their hundred thousand leaflets in the
slightly-scented breeze.

—A "Genuine" Raphael, "The Death of St. Joseph," was lately exhibited in London, and the streets were placarded with the announcement that the King of Prussia had bought it for £40,000. The other day it was sold by auction, in Paris, for 1,340 francs.

Society is the atmosphere of souls; and we necessarily inhale from it something either healthful or infectious.

Gen. James Watson Webb, U. S. Minister to Brazil, an old friend of Louis Napoleon in the days of his exile, has received an autograph letter from the Emperor of France, in which he expresses himself despondingly concerning the Mexican Empire.

The car which conveyed General Grant and party from Philadelphia to Baltimore was a new one, divided into four compartments—a sitting-room, with walnut furniture and French mirrors; a secretary or attendant's room, with writing-desks, &c.; a bed-room, with four tastefully furnished berths, and a pantry department. The car is finished on the inside with walnut and silver mountings. The outside is painted red, lined with gold. The platform are entirely enclosed with railing, a security against accident. The car is furnished with a patent apparatus, by which all the rooms are supplied with gas.

A woman has been currying on a curious confidence game in Milwaukee, Green Bay, &c., Wis. She dressed in male attire, married young ladies, and ran away with their money.

Five Massachusetts men, six feet high, were lately presented by Messrs. Alley and Gooch, who are not remarkable for their height, to the President, who, after inquiring whether they were all from that State, and being assured that they were, said "Why it comes to me that Massachusetts always sends her little men to Congress."

The following letter was received by a gentleman of Poughkeepsie through the Literary Fair post-office in that place: "Benjamin F. Olin—Dear Sir—Enclosed please find Ten dollars—if you can. Very respectfully yours, JOHN BELLING." The \$10 had not been found at his account.

—A gentleman of Poughkeepsie through the Literary Fair post-office in that place: "Benjamin F. Olin—Dear Sir—Enclosed please find Ten dollars—if you can. Very respectfully yours, JOHN BELLING." The \$10 had not been found at his account.

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

At Moscow, and its 15,000 children.

I was a slave to Herr Schnaps, my German valet-de-place. He led me where I did not wish to go, he refused to take me where I did wish to go, he hurried me about, he left me in the cold while he took hot tumbler of tea with merchants in the bazaar, he despised me, he compelled me to buy ridiculous things, he dragged me to take cabbage soup at untimely hours, he teased me, chafed me, vexed me, fretted me, enraged me; and for doing all this he actually only charged me two roubles (six shillings) a day, his day being about four hours long.

Now, being the boarder of Herr Schnaps, that little podgy, slovenly, red-nosed, puffy-faced native of Riga, how could I disobey, when he said to me one morning, in his authoritative way:

"This morning, Mein Herr, the Voepitainoi Dom. Be ready at ten, we must see the children go to chapel. Every foreign air come to Moscow, go to see children at chapel."

Now, to tell the truth, if my real inclinations had been the least consulted, I should have preferred, as it was Sunday morning, and I was tired with slight-seeing, gone to our other English service; and then, after lunch, driving over to the Sparrow Hills, those wooded river banks whence Napoleon and his army obtained their first view of Moscow. I should like to have sat there, on my favorite spot among the silvery birch-trees, and have fancied I saw the crowding bayonets, and the little grave man with the great white forehead, and the one dark tree of half falling across it.

But Herr Schnaps was no dreamer, he said "Voepitainoi Dom" (the Foundling), and as Herr Schnaps might have sentimental reasons for wishing to see that enormous building and its world of happy children, I was bound to obey; so I called a drovchik and went, Herr Schnaps accompanying me as a saddy—and to use an Homeric epithet—not ungrown blossomed retainer.

And now that I was compelled to go, I began to feel glad that my stern task-master had forced me to that exertion, for I had heard much of the Foundling as the most magnificent charity in the world.

From every tower and terrace in Moscow the Greek facade of the Voepitainoi strikes the eye; amongst the gilt and azure domes, and the countless bell-towers of the Holy City, it stands out conspicuous as a block of buildings as large as two or three palaces.

A charitable institution that shelters under its wings some twenty-five thousand children, that expends nearly a million pounds sterling annually, and receives some seven thousand bantlings a year, is not seen every day. Everything in Russia is on a gigantic scale, except liberty; and I approached this great experiment of Faith, Hope, and Charity, with a kind of awe.

We approached the building by an avenue of lime trees. The saffron-colored leaves crumpled under our horses' feet as we swept round the garden square, and pulled up at the great stone steps of the pillared entrance.

Herr Schnaps blundered out and helped me to alight, but still in a severe and reproving way. Half-a-dozen servants, headed by a bearded commander-in-chief in scarlet and cocked hat, received us, and relieved me of great-coat, cane, and hat. The chapel bell was already going, and every stroke of the bell seemed to hit me, and urged me to hasten, for Schnaps had described the children's procession as a scene not to be forgotten.

We ascended some steps, led by an official, and after a passage or two, reached an ante-room neatly but plainly furnished, where several people were standing as if on business. There was nothing to look at in the room, so I was glad when a military-looking, bald-faced man came out of an inner room, and was instantly grasped with by Schnaps and several other petitioners.

This was not the governor, but the "Ober-Polizei Meister," or police-director of the gigantic establishment; the dark blue surcoat with white facings, those medals on the breast, and that steel-sheathed sword, are the paraphernalia of his office, for he is of course in the army, as all officials in Russia seem to be. He came straight towards me, as if intending to put me under arrest, with Schnaps behind him, telegraphing to me with his hat to bear down on him full sail, as not a moment was to be lost; for, to tell the truth, the Ober police-master had brushed Schnaps aside much as a butcher would flap a pestilent fly.

I at once advanced, and in French asked the police master to have the complaisance, as I was an inquiring traveller particularly fond of children, and generally interested in the working of charitable institutions, to allow me to go over the building; and, above all, to first visit the chapel and hear the service.

The police master bowed very low, he had the complaisance, and with some polite remarks begged me to follow him. I did so, and Schnaps slunk after us in a lurching, half-tolerated sort of way, staring hard at everything, and relapsing into the most servile submission to my wishes, though well I knew the submission was only tempo-

rary, and the result of his awe for the Ober-Polizei Meister.

I thought, as I observed that rather worn blue uniform, that old head vibrating, (let it not be thought uncharitable if I suggest with abatement) that never-to-be-unheated weapon, what is in this man, that I should consider him with the respect I might have felt for one of the Old Guard? He is really only a sort of military beadle and punishment inflicter, the bugbear and ogre of twenty-five thousand children. I felt like that eminent philologist who, once on visiting Oxford, and debating himself in his own estimation by too abject civility to the heads of houses, was the next day seen walking down High street beating himself on the top of his skull, and muttering, "Curse my veneration! Dost my veneration!" But the next moment I was disturbed by the terror of the twenty-five thousand stopping in his placid, vibrating way, and chucking five children under the chin a small side room that we entered, to listen to some request of one of the seven hundred wet-nurses. Indeed, terrible as that smooth, pale face might appear to children, I could see nothing in it myself but justice and mercy, alloyed by perhaps a little too much abatement.

And here I may as well premise, that of all the thousand children, babies, nurses, matrons and governesses I beheld from the time I first ascended the steps of the Voepitainoi Dom, to the time Schnaps ordered me away and put me into the carriage, I never saw a sour, cross, or in any way unhappy face; all was radiant, with content, innocent gaiety and quiet cheerfulness; and this fact told me more of how the vast charity was carried on than all the statistics in all the blue-books of the world would have done.

"You have a Foundling Hospital in your country, sir?" said the police-master, turning round to me.

I replied that we had, but that its funds did not amount to more than fifty thousand pounds a year. "Ours is a parish," I said; "yours is a world."

Has my reader ever had one of those architectural nightmares when he has done nothing all night but second spiral stairs, run down corridors, enter room after room, and cross terrace after terrace? Such was my feeling as I followed that mildly severe man, and at last reached the ante-room of the chapel; Schnaps watching us afar off with a servile awe, mingled with the most gaping curiosity.

When you smell roast meat you are near the kitchen; when you smell incense you are near a chapel. Balm of life—balm of life, sweet and aromatic—floated around me. I could hear the deep bass voice of the priest repeating the prayers, and then came the voices as of bands of angels floating over Paradise, with the "Gospodi pomiloi." (Lord have mercy upon us.)

The angels I heard were the foundlings and orphans of Moscow, and the angels on high no doubt were listening to them with pity and love.

We passed on tip-toe along a marble-paved passage, stepping between kneeling matrons, nurses, and friends of the children, I and the police-master, leaving Schnaps in some back room, and we were in the chapel.

It was a noble chapel, with galleries all round it, and fittings as magnificent as they were in pure taste. The pillars and pilasters were of an exquisite rose-colored marble, and the paintings and gilding were prodigal without being ostentatious. The floor of the chapel was paved with chequered stone. The dome rose above us with its pictured saints smiling down upon the children.

As usual in all Greek churches, the main body of the church was walled off from the altar and the sanctuary by an Ikonostas, (or picture wall), the three doors of which open upon a raised platform, on which the priest stands to perform the greater part of the service.

This Ikonostas is like a vast illuminated missal leaf, covered with tiers of pictured saints, whose dark-brown heads are surrounded by halos of gilt metal and jewelled crowns of gilded silver.

The chapel was crowded with children, many thousands, and of all ages. Those children in pale yellow gowns in the galleries, the rather plain, peasant-like children, were training for "males femmes." The small children in green that crowded the side aisles in row after row, such simple, innocent devotion on every face, would probably become servants, the more intelligent of them nursery governesses, or shop-women.

The elder classes stood in a long row, facing the altar. They wore dark-blue gowns, of a modest and simple pattern, and of reasonable dimensions, and had their eyes, fixed intently on the priest, who, robed in cloth of gold and crimson, could be seen behind the pierced metal doors of the screen, through a thin, blue vapor of incense, moving to and fro before the altar, his long, light hair flowing down apostolically upon his shoulders.

The Roman Catholic service, picturesque as it is in its ceremonies, is far less effective than the Greek. The latter is far graver and more Oriental; and is less tinkling of bells, less blowing in and out of candles; there are no tedious moments in the Greek ritual,

it flows on from beginning to end in one solemn gorgeous progress.

The sublime moment of the Greek service approached; the gilt doors of the Ikonostas flew open, the priest called forth in his costly and gleaming robes. Every motion of the body is studied by the ministrant of the Greek church, there is a flowing motion about the bows, and genuflections, and crossings, that only a Russian can thoroughly imitate.

The priest bent a dozen times, as many times his swift and practised fingers marked the cross four times on brow and breast. At the sight of that august presence the thousands of children crossed themselves too, and thousands of little fingers made the holy sign upon spotless brows, and over pure hearts, with all the innocent reliance and undoubting faith of childhood. Another movement of the priest, as he moved up and down in ceaseless inflections, and every little forehead touched the ground simultaneously, in that Mohammedan manner peculiar to the Greek church.

I glanced along the rows of pleasant faces, and made some remark, implying pity, to the police-master, which he repeated.

"No," he said, "they are poor, but they are still noble. All these girls you see, sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen years old, in the front rows, are all orphans, children of noble parents. Do you not observe a certain dignity about them? They are educated, as becomes the children of noble parents."

It is so common for one in England to consider that poverty cancels all claims to education, that I had forgotten I was addressing a Russian who looked on poverty from another point of view, and not necessarily as a punishable crime. I felt rather ashamed of myself, and to hide it, asked how many teachers they employed in the Voepitainoi. He replied more than five hundred, which covered my request.

The Russians, as a race, are not good-looking. The women, especially the lower classes, have bad figures and broad coarse faces, with complexion pallid and rusty from six months' store heat, coarse indigestible food, and the too frequent use of the weakening vapor-bath. The boys generally look pale and delicate. I looked, therefore, down these long ranks of children, especially among the older ones, and observed the character of face, culled the beautiful, the expressive, and the characteristic.

I cannot in honor say that I was quite as well repaid for my investigation as I hoped to have been. The faces were generally chubby, round, healthy, and even rosy; the eyes shone with happiness, but the features were neither good nor regular, and of a commonplace type.

But here and there, especially among the daughters of the nobles, my eye fell on a beautiful face, that lay like a violet among dead leaves. Third in the first rank there was, for example, a face with all the mild beauty of one of Raphael's virgins, a face a perfect oval in contour, with features precious in refinement, and eyes of the most calm purity. Rapt in her devotion, this little orphan girl, the foster child of the Voepitainoi Dom, seemed the very picture of Goethe's *Maryperle*, as the poet sketches her praying in the cathedral.

But now a sudden thaw and dissolution seemed operating on the assembly, beginning at the corners of the chapel and gradually extending to the centre. The children were dispersing, the service was over. They were obeying some secret and traditional command, and retiring by divisions, battalions, and subdivisions of classes. With the mechanical regularity of soldiers, each rank right about faced, and gilded off with an order and docility common to Russian children. There seemed no disposition to laugh or scuffle, or tread on each other's toes; but, on the contrary, a calmness, which was not, I am sure, assumed, but purely natural.

As the yellow, then the green, next the blue, then my first class and the little Raphael face, one by one turned and filed off, the Ober police-master, who, all the time of the service, between his bows and responses, had thrown me occasional statistics to stop my appetite till I went to the governor, now took my arm, and leading me back to the central bureau near the great hall, introduced me as if I was his bosom friend to that potentate.

The governor was a little, portly, bland, bald man, in official dress-coat and gilt buttons, with the air of a thriving banker, and a habit of rubbing his hands together, as if every fresh infant registered on the books was a positive gain to him. He had Chinese-blue eyes, a smooth, frosty, red face, a kindly smile, and a slight lisp.

The governor, ruffling out some papers as if they were bank notes, instantly rose with the air of Virgil about to conduct Dante through the Inferno. He was one of those men whom nothing can ruffle; vexations evidently fell from him as rain does from a duck's back.

We went first to the suckling wards—large, well lit, handsome rooms—with forty or fifty beds in a room, and little rocking cradles, with gauze coverings, fit for little emperors. It is not unusual to have seven hundred babies and as many wet-nurses in the house at one time.

The moment we entered, the matrons of

each room, well dressed, pleasant looking women, met us at the door and escorted; at the same moment every nurse stood at the end of her bed and shouldered her baby. The Russian nurses have no very good character. They are said to be stupid, often cruel, and they have been known to hold reticent children head downwards; still worse, they sometimes steal, change, or sell the children entrusted to them. But cruelty or neglect is impossible in the Voepitainoi Dom, for the women are here carefully chosen, well paid, and well watched.

They were short, "stodgy" ill-favored bodies, with faces like the lower order of Irish peasant women; but they were all neatly dressed in red and pink cotton gowns, and wore the national handkerchief bound round their heads, Greek fashion. They did not smile; but they looked pleased and stolidly contented after their manner. The governor, stooping down to one cradle as if he was going to shoo some voracious out of a bin, removed the gauze canopy and looked in. There was a rosy, black-eyed little girl, healthy and full of fun, rolling about in exuberant good-humor and happiness. She instantly detached the governor's hand as he pinched her arm, treating him evidently as a well-remembered old playfellow.

"I have been foster-father to some two hundred thousand children," said the governor, turning to me, as if I had suddenly presented him with a cheque and he wanted to know how I would take it.

Colorless rooms of nurses shouldering children, and then we came to a smaller eight—the infirmary. Some poor pale children, their eyes supernaturally bright with fever, lay groaning or struggling with cruel pains. The nurses moved about quietly, and with a gentle care.

"We lose four or five a day of the poor things," said the governor, with a look as if he had just taken a discoloured bill by mistake. "Altogether two or three thousand a year die in our hands. About one hundred or so, more or less, are now in the infirmary; but we must now, sir, go and see the children at their dinner."

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT.

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH,
1807 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

MR. CALVIN COPE, Treasurer,
N. E. Corner Sixth and Minor Sts., Phila.

Sub-Committee on Correspondence.

Mrs. M. B. GREEN, Chairman,
Mrs. E. H. MOORE, Secy.,
Mrs. GEORGE FLETCHER, Secy.,
Mrs. P. M. CLAPP, Secy.,
Mrs. W. H. FURBER,
Mrs. LATHROP,
Miss M. M. DUANE.

The First Annual Meeting of the Women's Pennsylvania Branch of the United States Sanitary Commission was held at the Commission Rooms, 1807 Chestnut street, on the morning of the 4th instant.

The occasion was a very interesting one, and although, owing to unavoidable circumstances, the Annual reports were not all given in; enough was stated by the different Committees to show the great amount of work that had been accomplished, and the strong footing that this Association had obtained in the course of a single year.

The reports from the interior parts of the states of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware, show a great increase of interest and active effort in the cause of the Commission, and a far better understanding of its working and effects. A number of new Auxiliary Societies have been formed during the past few months in all the states; some of them under circumstances of peculiar difficulty and discouragement. Delaware, in spite of all obstacles, is coming up nobly to the work, and proving herself the patriotic state we always believed her to be; and New Jersey has a large and increasing number of zealous and devotedly loyal people, who are gradually overcoming the difficulties with which they sometimes have to contend, and give generous and increasing returns, as the result of their efforts. It may not be yet generally understood that the northern part of it, including Warren county and those north of it, being more particularly to the New York Branch of the Commission, and reports accordingly; while the central and southern portions, including Monmouth and the counties south of it, report to the Philadelphia Branch. This seems the most convenient division, and appears to give general satisfaction.

We would again remind our Auxiliary Societies how very important it is that their regular work and transmission of supplies to the Commission should not be interrupted by the preparation for the Fair; but then the latter should be an additional, and as it were, external source of supply—otherwise much loss and inconvenience would be the result.

We are glad to perceive the general interest which seems to be awakening throughout the country in regard to our great Central Fair; and if the interest goes on to increase and develop into action, we think there is every prospect of its proving a complete and signal success.

Extract of a Letter from one of our Associate Managers.
CLAYMONT, March 26th.

DEAR MRS. —
In looking over this morning's North American, my eye was attracted by a piece headed "Music and the Sanitary Fair," proposing that concerts, &c., should be given in the small towns and villages throughout the three states uniting in the coming Central Fair, for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission; carrying such prices of admission as may seem suitable, &c., &c.
Having participated in one of these entertainments at the house of our gifted and hospitable neighbor, D——'s last evening,

the first, I believe, which has been held in the rural districts, and knowing the whole to have been managed with so little trouble and expense, I feel it only right to give you an outline, that you can perhaps make use of to encourage others to try. The ordinary furniture of the room was retained, with a few pretty flowers on the mantelpiece, and drapery formed of two sets of window-curtains, one dark, the other red, was arranged from the mantelpiece to each side of the room, approaching the folding doors, thus making the stage complete, and at the same time forming a retiring room at each side. This with two sheets at the folding doors, for the drop curtain, drawn aside by strings at the top corners, so as to make the whole space open fully, and two boards (the width of the door) raised together at right angles for the foot-lights, was all that was required. We used school benches, as they accommodated more persons than chairs. As the rooms would not hold very many, the price fixed at \$1. We thought all interested in the great and good work would be ready to give a dollar at a half or fourth. All the neighbors paid cheerfully, some having more than they could use; some persons coming from quite a distance to attend, and all were delighted. The play was a beautiful little moral comedy entitled "The Ladies' Battle." The scene was laid in France, at the chateau of the Comtesse d'Auvergne, in 1815, the Comtesse being represented by that name. Miss K—— as Comtesse d'A. was admirable; comical, witty, and full of good sense, which she quite irresistibly; and her sister, played sister and brother, performed their parts with equal fidelity and success.

Miss G., from Brooklyn, was absolutely charming; and Mr. M., (so well known as a favorite amateur actor in the local circles) to the latter indeed, owing the credit of having conceived so pleasant a scheme, and of inducing the company to come, as some of them did a distance of twenty miles to witness the performance.

An elegant little cold supper at the house of a neighboring gentleman furnished a pleasing variety in the programme, restoring the exhausted strength of the hard-worked actors, and terminating to the general satisfaction the delightful activities of the evening.

Our Returned Prisoners.

U. S. Sanitary Commission, Philadelphia Agency, 1807 Chestnut street, April 7, 1864.
To the Editor of the —

Sir,—It will doubtless be gratifying to all who have friends among our prisoners at Richmond to know that in the event of their release they receive the kindly offices of the Sanitary Commission at the earliest possible moment.

By special permission from Gen. Butler, agents of the Commission, with all necessary supplies, accompany each flag-of-truce boat, and attend the prisoners from Fortress Monroe to Annapolis.

At Annapolis it has a depot of supplies of all kinds which are used in affording relief to such of our returned prisoners as become patients of the General Hospital at that point, and at "Camp Parola," near Annapolis, where the returned prisoners are quartered until exchanged, the Commission has two agents and a large stock of supplies, which are judiciously used in the ministrations of relief and comfort.

Signed R. M. LEWIS,
General Superintendent.

The Sanitary Commission in General Banks's Department.

The following is an extract from the February report of Mr. O. C. Bullard, Special Relief Agent of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, in the Department of the Gulf:

"Late Monday night a squad of seventy-six recruits from New York regiment, arrived in Braher, on their way to Franklin, to join their regiment. The night was stormy, some of the men were sick, and all without experience in the service. They had but just landed from the transport which had brought them from New York, when they were started for the field. The officers having them in charge asked if we could cook them some ration, and give them a place on the floor, or elsewhere under cover, for the night."

"We prepared them some good coffee, gave them an abundance of excellent bread and butter, and then made the best arrangement we could for sleeping. Most of the beds were already occupied. The sick men were furnished with coats, the rest were well satisfied with the floor."

"We gave them breakfast and dinner the following day, and they left us with many kind wishes for the Sanitary Commission."

"For Tuesday we had in many respects a repetition of the preceding twenty-four hours. Eighty-three men were received, some dropping in as late as 11 P. M."

"A squad of some thirty men came in about 10 P. M. They were from various regiments on their way to New Orleans for the Invalid Corps Camp. The beds were already full, but we gave them supper, and spread them on the floor."

DONATIONS.

PHILADELPHIA, April 4th, 1864.

The Women's Penn. Branch United States Sanitary Commission acknowledges the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

Ladies' Aid, Montrose, Susquehanna co., 1 keg, Miss Ellen Serle; Miss Starr, 1614 Arch st., 1 pkg; School Lane Circle, 1 pkg; Mrs. Warner Johnson, Secy.; Ladies' Aid, Lock Haven, Clinton co., 3 boxes; Mrs. H. D. Barton, Secy.; Mrs. Mary B. Shantz, Commercial Hotel, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Dr. Brainerd's church, 1 pkg; Mrs. Farr, Secy.; Ladies' Aid, Newark, Del., 1 box; Byberry Aid Society, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Relfer Association, Bethlehem, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Newcastle, Del., 1 box, 1 bale; a lady, 1 pkg; Mrs. Jones, Roxborough, 3 pkgs; Ladies' Aid, Fairville, Chester co., 1 box; C. H. Britton, Secy.; Mrs. F. A. Curtis, 1 box; School Lane Circle, Mrs. J. W. Johnson, Secy., 1 pkg.

"A curious discovery has been made in the sale of Man, where it has been ascertained that certain old cannon long used as nos on the quay, in the sea-port town of Peel, were rifled. The British Government has ordered them to be transferred to Woolwich, where they are to be preserved as the earliest specimens of rifled ordnance."

LATEST NEWS.

A dispatch from Cuba states that considerable excitement existed at Havana on Thursday, in consequence of the capture of a Spanish steamer, the *Albatros*, which had been captured by a Spanish privateer. The steamer was captured on the coast of Cuba, and was taken to the port of Havana. The steamer was a Spanish vessel, and was carrying a large quantity of arms and ammunition. The capture of the steamer was a great success for the Spanish privateer, and was a blow to the Spanish fleet.

The steamer *Albatros* was captured on the coast of Cuba, and was taken to the port of Havana. The steamer was a Spanish vessel, and was carrying a large quantity of arms and ammunition. The capture of the steamer was a great success for the Spanish privateer, and was a blow to the Spanish fleet. The steamer was captured on the coast of Cuba, and was taken to the port of Havana. The steamer was a Spanish vessel, and was carrying a large quantity of arms and ammunition. The capture of the steamer was a great success for the Spanish privateer, and was a blow to the Spanish fleet.

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MY FIRST BORN CHILD.

BY H. E. BRADLEY.

The little child, my patient child!
 The dearest child at last!
 The weary days of restless pain,
 The agonizing nights of pain,
 No need to check with weary hand
 The children of the dawn,
 Their little bodies, lying flat
 Will make her no more.

She was the eldest of them all,
 And dear as were the rest,
 A storm long raged her to the last
 That made me love her best.
 Her baby-teeth first thrust to come
 Little patient child!
 Her tiny lips first taught to smile
 Love's sweetest, loveliest line.

And so, though with the coming years
 Came those that were more fair—
 More roses on their dimpled cheeks,
 More sunshine in their hair—
 Not one of all the little ones
 Was quite so dear to me—
 And thus must I ever be, to show
 How true love can be!

Ah, will come sweetest fingers still
 About the little one;
 Some tender kisses make me glad
 To yield my darling up.
 I know that care, and grief, and pain,
 Are from all lives most dear;
 I know some days of earthly life
 The fairest soul must wear.

And so I cross these white hands
 Above this infant breast,
 And close the spirit's tendency
 To their sweetest rest.
 With tears, that cannot tell one-half
 My yearning pain and we,
 And yet with silent thankfulness,
 That God has willed it so.

I never shall know change in her:
 This dear, dear hand will be
 The only one of all the flock
 Untouched by Time, for me.
 Forever in my memory,
 Her precious little feet
 Will keep his unkindness innocent,
 His sinners, teaching grace:

And whether as the years go by,
 The children that remain
 Shall crown my life with happiness,
 Or crown my heart with pain,
 Her sweet, child-like obedience
 That only knew my will—
 Her simple, loving thoughtfulness,
 Shall be my comfort still.

My child! my little patient child!
 Go gentle, pure, and good,
 I would not break your holy sleep,
 I would not if I could.
 I thank in my heart of hearts
 All things created,
 And you will wait in Heaven for me,
 My precious, first-born child!

THE SORROWS OF GREATNESS.

There were six of us, an agreeably varied assortment of boys and girls, of whom I was the youngest. My worthy father had a custom of measuring the stature of his growing family once a year. It was a solemn ceremony. Drawn in our best clothes, and with our hands clasped in a prearranged position, we were marshalled in the paternal drawing-room. Well do I remember that apartment. It was pervaded by a penetrating odor of boot-leather. Rows of boots met the eye in every direction. In those days I used to wonder why my father had only two legs; I fancied he should have been a centipede; but I have since learned that he attributed his immensity to the feet of never wearing a pair of new boots for more than two hours at a stretch. Recollections of boots; I did not take up my pen to write of them, but of my miserable self. Let me proceed with my allotted task.

I was five years old on the first measuring day of which I can recall a distinct memory. Standing me remove my shoes, my father gently placed my head against the dressing-room door, which was covered over with small portions of tannin, dyes and blights. He applied his faithful four-foot rule. "Now, my little," he exclaimed, addressing my mother, "this boy is growing prodigiously. Six inches in the twelve months! He is already taller than you, Larry, who are three years older; and he will soon be up to your pencil-line, Master Bob. You, Bob," continued my father, smiling and rubbing his hands—six, being a small man himself, he was proud of my increasing stature—"yes, Bob, David will outgrow you all."

Master Bob and I had been a loving pair of brothers, but the ordeal of measurement caused the jealousy. The privileges of older birth were invaded by my growing prepotence. He began to be irritable. He was constantly plotting his back against mine, for the purpose of comparing heights, and would on these occasions violently rub my back together. As his chest was constantly the subject, I dare the truth that his chest was the subject.

I soon became an object of public remark. "What fine little chest you have!" exclaimed

of one gentleman to another in the street; "look at that great baby-like boy in a frock and bare legs, still hanging on to his mother's apron-string. Why he is nearly old enough to be leaving school."

The gentleman did not know the character of my mother, Mrs. Crowley; she reddened with anger, and turning sharp on her heel, addressed him thus: "Do you know when the child was christened, do you, Mr. P. he—your name into other people's business?"

"I suppose about fourteen years ago," replied the gentleman, somewhat abashed.

"You're wrong, Mr. Impudence, and I'll thank you not to make insulting speeches in the public thoroughfares, or the New Police—the police and the General Post-Office were both styled so in those days—may have something to say to you. This blessed lamb is not seven yet, as his pa and ma can testify."

"Why, he is a monster!" exclaimed the gentleman's companion, an insolent red-headed fellow in a blue suit—"a perfect monster! Not seven yet! You should put him in a show."

I was a sensitive boy, and at these harsh words I began to weep. Mrs. Crowley was furious, and shook her umbrella in the faces of the foe.

"You call yourselves men, and come here to mock and jeer at a poor infant who is as heaven has made him, and can't diminish a couple of his own stature. Shame on you! you deserve to be pelted through the town, you mean, cruel creatures, you!"

As the crowd who had assembled, though entirely ignorant of the cause of offence, sympathized strongly with Mrs. Crowley, the two gentlemen beat a hasty retreat.

But I had not always Mrs. Crowley to defend me, and the street boys of our neighborhood made my life miserable by dancing a sort of *Carminole* round me to the following words: "O my! O my! O my! seven years old and six foot high; O would I be such a regular Guy!"

Six foot high was a huge exaggeration. Still matters were dismal enough. On my eighth birthday I was privately measured by my father; he found that I was five feet four, or half an inch taller than himself. His face became grave.

"When a boy of eight, Bella, out-tops his father," he said at the dinner-table, "something must be done."

"But what?" demanded my mother, with an anxious look.

"Procrustes!" sniggered Bob, as he sat waiting for his pea-soup to cool.

"Leave the room, sir!" thundered my father, "and take your dinner with you. I'll permit no unfriendly jests."

"Who was Procrustes?" asked my mother. "A person of lawless propensities, my dear, with an extreme passion for uniformity. He!" exclaimed my father, suddenly striking his forehead, like Handel, "I have an idea. It shall be carried out at once."

I was sent to a country school, where, on my arrival, the head-master addressed me in these words: "My boy, it is your father's wish that you should call yourself fourteen years old." The effect of this pious fraud was, that instead of being regarded as a rather intelligent child of my age, I was looked upon as a babyish hobbledoy. My muscles were flaccid and undeveloped, so that I was useless at cricket; my unwieldy size (for I was thick as well as tall) prevented my achieving success at prisoner's base, and my sympathies naturally led me to seek companionship among my real equals in age, the smallest boys in the school. They, however, rejected my advances with fear and repulsion, just as a chirping brood of sparrows would shrink at the intrusion of a young rook. Despised by the elder boys, and dreaded by the younger, I wandered solitarily about the playground, immersed in bitter reflection. But, unfortunately, grief did not stop my growth. Year after year, as I came home for the midsummer and Christmas holidays, my father regarded my increasing stature with a face of painful astonishment. He hardly had the heart to measure me, especially as he was soon compelled to mount a stool for the purpose. Bob no longer dared to bully me. He was awed by my monstrous presence. Nurse Crowley, who had retired on half-pay, and took in plain needle-work at an adjoining cottage, was still pleased to see me; but even she began to regard me with a face of apprehension. She grieved me bitterly one day by saying: "Master Davy, your parents, being small, which your pa is but a few inches off a dwarf, I begin to be feared that you, or leastways what ought to be you, was changed at home."

At fourteen, I had attained the height of six feet two inches; my schoolfellows believed that I was twenty, and wondered I did not leave Poplar House Academy. They taunted me with effeminacy, and laughed at my shrill voice, which still piped in childish treble. I must mention that I was not an ill-looking fellow. My figure, though clumsy, was not deformed; my features were good; my complexion was clear and healthy. But as I grew older and bigger, I became more and more sensitive. I withdrew myself as much as possible from the view of my fellow-creatures. There was a private path (concealed only by the schoolmaster's key) leading from our playing-field to a sluggish stream, bordered with pollarded willows. On the margin of this miniature river I used

to sit for hours, with my long legs dangling over the water, watching the swallows as they swooped down on their prey, or the reeds, as they creaked constantly from bank to bank with only their noses above water.

Here I would remain in a state of negative happiness till the sun had set, and the first few in circles round and round the hollow trees. One evening I had just looked at my watch (having been endowed with that dignified appendage in consideration of my size several years before), and was reflecting with a sigh that I must quit my solitary retreat, and mingle once more in the din and merriment of the school-room, when a hand was laid softly on my shoulder. I turned my head, and beheld the face of a man whom I had seldom seen, though I had often heard his name mentioned.

Mr. Leverton was the rector of the village. He scarcely ever stirred out of his house, which was situated on the banks of the river, saw no company, never went to church, and spent most of his time in fishing. As he was a strict preserver, and my schoolfellows had often trespassed on his waters, I fancied he deemed me one of the culprits, and was about to execute summary vengeance on my person; but I was speedily undeceived by the mildness of his address.

"My young friend," he said, "I have watched you for some time past. As I stand, rod in hand, at yonder bend of the river, I can see you through the trees. Like me, you are fond of solitude. Consequently, there is a natural sympathy between us. Now, what do you think about?"

"About grief," I replied.

"Grief! That is a strange subject of contemplation."

"I think to myself, shall I become a giant?" said I with a blush.

"Nonsense, why you must have done growing. How old are you?"

I thought of my father's strict injunction, and of the deceit which had been successfully maintained for the last six years, and replied with some hesitation:

"I am twenty, sir."

"Too old for school. What can your parents be thinking of? At your age, I was beating with the world. Come, you shall sup at my house."

"I am afraid Mr. Wickham will object, sir."

"I have his permission. See here," said Mr. Leverton, displaying a paper, "in black and white. If you wish for comfort in this villainous world, have everything in black and white. Read it."

"Mr. Leverton has Mr. Wickham's permission to invite Mr. David Elworthy to his house whenever he pleases."

"Are you satisfied?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then come along."

The rector unlocked a gate studded with spikes and interlaced with brambles which led to his own property. He preceded me at a swift pace, the decisive abruptness of which corresponded with his manner of speaking; and as soon as we reached the house—a small but picturesque edifice, completely screened from view by evergreen foliage—he unlocked the front-door with a latch-key, and pushed me into the hall.

Pointing to another door, he said: "Go in there, and wait till I come." I opened the door and went in. To my astonishment, a figure rose up at my entrance, a female figure. I felt utterly abashed. I was entirely unaccustomed to ladies' society, and here I was faced to face with a pretty young lady. Excepting sisters (who count for nothing), my intercourse with the fair sex had been hitherto limited to my mother and nurse Crowley. I stood in the middle of the room, blushing red-hot to the ears, gasping for breath, and twirling a chair by way of employing my hands. I cannot describe the young lady from what I saw at that juncture. I saw a cloud of white with a fascinating face at the top of it, and that is all. I don't know how long I stood in this ridiculous posture; it might be two minutes, but it felt like forty, when I was brought to my senses by a soft voice saying: "Pray, be seated, Mr. Elworthy."

My face grew hotter than ever at the sound of my own name, and I selected the slender chair in the room, one of those elegant ornamental articles with spiral legs and a feeble back, which are not meant to be sat upon. On this fragile piece of workmanship I cautiously deposited my bulky person.

"Are you not tired of school, Mr. Elworthy?"

"Oh no, not at all—that is, yes I am."

After this contradictory speech, I was all blank from the sole of my feet to the summit of my head. I felt like a red cabbage.

"You do not play at games, I think?"

"No, miss; that is, I don't play at—at any games."

A fresh burst of blushing followed this brilliant speech, while my chair creaked in a terribly threatening manner. I was too shy, however, to move to one that was more substantial, and prayed inwardly that Mr. Leverton might soon appear.

"Are you fond of reading?"

"Very, miss."

"Here is a book that you may like to look at," said the young lady rising. Natural politeness caused me to rise also to save her the trouble of crossing the room, but at that moment Mr. Leverton burst in abruptly, and

I plumped back into my chair like a guilty thing.

The shock was too much for that frail piece of furniture. It uttered one dying squeak, and collapsed beneath my weight. I found myself among the ruins on the floor.

A smile passed over the young lady's face; but she restrained herself at once, and looked sorry and embarrassed. I loved her from that moment. She evidently saw how miserably nervous I was, and would not for an instant pain me by appearing to laugh at my disaster.

"There," said Mr. Leverton, smiling somewhat roughly to my feet—"there, Emily, that's your doing. Wasn't a fool would put a stout young man into that gimcrack affair? However, I'm glad it's broken. I hate shame, and a chair which is not meant to be sat in is an organ of shame. Come, we'll have supper. David, give my daughter your arm. Oh, I forgot you've not been introduced. Mr. David Elworthy, my daughter, Miss Leverton."

The supper consisted of a dish of perch, a Dutch cheese, and a jug of home-brewed ale. Nature has gifted me with a tolerable appetite, and after our school fare of starchy mutton and stringy beef I found the fish delicious. The small liquor inspired me with courage. I began to feel at my ease, and ventured to examine my host's countenance. He was a tall bony man, with black straight hair streaked with gray, and features which, but for their harshness, would have been handsome. I then glanced shyly at his daughter. She had inherited her father's features, but their stern outlines were softened down to the most feminine delicacy. Her hair was chestnut-brown, glossy and abundant; her eyes were gray, her nose was straight, her mouth full of expression. As for her neck and shoulders, I have since studied statuary, and never saw any sculptured forms more beautifully rounded.

Suddenly, as I was gazing open-mouthed on this lovely vision, I became aware that her father was watching me keenly. I hastily withdrew my eyes and directed them to the table-cloth, blushing like beet-root.

"Do you want any more supper, David?" he asked, after a few moments' pause.

"No, sir, thank you."

"Then take your hat and be off."

Feeling sure that I had committed some terrible *faux-pas*, I was about to rush from the room, when Mr. Leverton shouted:

"What! won't you say good-night?"

He offered me a hard, dry hand to shake. I made a clumsy bow to Miss Leverton.

"What, David!" he exclaimed, "shake hands with the father and only bow to the daughter! That won't do."

Miss Leverton offered her hand. The pressure of that soft palm sent an electric thrill, half-pleasurable, half-painful, all up my arm.

Her father then pushed me in a rough, good-humored way out of the house, and locked the door after me, saying:

"Go straight home, David. No more ponderings to-night on the river bank."

I slept indifferently. Strange visions disturbed my rest. Emily Leverton, seated on a side-saddle, rode an enormous perch, which hovered over my bed; then her father appeared, armed with a Dutch cheese, which he flung at my head. I awoke with a cry of fear.

"Ah! you may, well sling out, Master Grampus; and I'll send another at your head if you do it again."

It was Tabbs who spoke, a ferocious, bullying boy. He sat up in bed, looking most truculent, with his night-cap cocked over his left ear. He brandished a slipper in his hand.

"Do what?" I asked in my absurd treble voice.

"Do what?" said Tabbs, mimicking my shrill speech. "Do what? Why, snore. You've been snoring loud enough to wake old Wickham."

"Have I? I'm sorry for it."

"Do it again, and you'll get this slipper, and a 'cold pig' into the bargain," growled the bully, composing himself to sleep, for it was barely five o'clock.

This was a melancholy awakening. I never loathed Poplar House Academy so much as I did that morning. I tried to go to sleep again, and dream of the big perch, with its fair rider; but fear of 'cold pig'—I was not gifted with personal courage—kept me awake till it was time to get up.

I repaired more diligently than ever, during the next few days, to my river-side haunt, partly to escape from the inquisitiveness of my companions, who wanted to know why that fish-preserving hunk, old Leverton, had invited me to supper.

"I know why," piped a small youth of nine, about the height (metaphorically) of sixpenny worth of halfpence. "I know why. He wants Goliath to marry his daughter."

The handsomest and tallest boy in the school—his head just reached my chin—immediately boxed the little urchin's ears, saying, as he placed his hand on his hip, and ran his fingers through his light curls:

"I flatter myself she could choose better."

Poor Goliath blushed scarlet, and slunk away to the river.

I had not the least idea then—such an innocent was I—that was the matter with me, but I have since discovered that I, the overgrown boy of fourteen, was in love

with Emily Leverton. I looked both the large and small blade of my pocket-knife, trying to carve E. L. on one of the old willows. I attempted to make rhymes to her name, but I could think of none but *Emmerton*, which smacked of taffy. I tried to catch a glimpse of her father, but was unsuccessful. I now add then observed the top joint of his fishing-rod peeping through the trees, but though he must have seen me, he showed no signal of recognition.

A fortnight of anxious expectancy passed away; I was waiting as usual by the river for the school supper-bell to ring, when again a hand was laid on my shoulder. Although I had anticipated the touch of those fingers for thirteen successive evenings, I started as convulsively as if Mr. Leverton had put a frog down my back.

"Narrow, eh?" said he. "We shall cure that. It is not good for a man to be alone. Let me see," he continued, stroking his chin contemplatively. "Twenty years old. Then you will be twenty-one next birthday."

"Yes, sir," I murmured, feeling what a falsehood was wrapped up in this seeming truism. "On the ninth of September."

"Hum—ha," said Mr. Leverton. "Supper waits for you."

Again a dish of fish, Dutch cheese, and ale. I was less shy this time; I began to talk, and told my host all about my family. Emily looked lovely in her simple white muslin. After supper, at her father's bidding, she opened the piano-forte, and sang a few songs. I was in the seventh heaven, and the singer was St. Cecilia. Her father broke the spell.

"Come," he said, looking at the clock; "it is time to go; I will walk with you."

As soon as we were outside the house, he spoke thus, as if in soliloquy:

"Twenty-one in September; he will do admirably. Gentle, innocent, and pliable; I should mould him like wax. Instead of losing a daughter, I shall gain a son. David, you shall marry Emily!"

I stood in the moonlight with my mouth wide open, looking, I suspect, like a gigantic baby.

"Sir!" I stammered.

"Wouldn't you like to marry her?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then that is settled. In the midsummer holidays I shall come and talk to your father about it, David. Till then," he said sternly, "silence. Good-night."

After this conversation, I was frequently invited to Mr. Leverton's abode. We did not always have fish for supper; still, frugality was the rule of the household. I had overcome my shyness with the rector, and in his company conversed pretty freely; but alone with Emily, I sat as mum as a stock fish. My attempts at courting consisted in turning over the leaves of her music-book, invariably at the wrong moment. I doubt if Jeanie Deans thought the Laird of Dumbiedykes as dull as Emily must have found me. I began to fancy, too, that the young lady's manner had grown frigid and constrained; I saw a furtive tear occasionally start from her eyelid. What did it mean?

I went home for the midsummer holidays, and found myself confronted by a sad calamity. My dear father, who had so often measured others, died suddenly, and was himself measured—for his coffin. Shortly after his funeral, the will was read. He had been a prosperous professional man, and had saved money. After providing for my mother and sisters, and leaving the business to my elder brothers, my name was mentioned: "To my beloved son David, I leave the sum of five thousand pounds, to be held in trust for his benefit until he attains his majority."

As I listened to these words with feelings of grateful gratitude for my father's considerate kindness, I felt a gentle pressure of the arm. I looked round, and saw Mr. Leverton.

"Don't be alarmed," he whispered; "I came in with your solicitor, an old friend of mine. I want a word with you in private."

He had such a commanding way with him, that I accompanied him at once to the garden.

"David," he exclaimed, "this is glorious. I don't refer to your poor father's death. I am sorry for it, but it is the common lot. I speak of yourself. In two months you will be your own master, and may, if you please, become my son-in-law. Emily has come with me to London. Here is our address. Call and see us."

Such is the power of continuous falsehood, that I had really begun to believe myself six years older than I actually was, and I think the self-deception had tended to give me the feelings of manhood. Still, I knew that I was an impostor. And what would my mother and sister say when they heard of Emily? Above all, what would Bob say? He would scorch me with ridicule. I hesitated about calling on the Levertons, when, a few days later, I received a letter, written, to my astonishment, by Emily herself, demanding an immediate interview. It was the first time I had seen her handwriting, and I kissed that precious piece of paper till it was quite crumpled and dog-eared. With a palpitating heart I induced my best servant (I had long worn "tails") put on a spotless pair of lavender gloves, and carried a Malacca cane; in

short, for my dear sake, I went to all intents and purposes a tall, stout young man of twenty, instead of a boy-giant.

I found Emily alone. Her father, she said, had gone into the city. She looked pale and anxious, traces of tears were in her eyes. After making some extremely trifling remarks on the state of the weather, I collapsed as to conversation. Miss Leverton then addressed me thus:

"Mr. Elworthy, I wish to speak to you seriously. In the first place, do you know why my father leads such a wild life?"

"No," I murmured.

"Then I will tell you. He was once a rich man, but a neighbor of ours, Mr. Mavorley, persuaded him to embark his fortune in a speculation which proved ruinous. Mr. Mavorley lost all his own property as well as account. He persisted in regarding him as a designing knave; and withdrawing from the world, with the wreck of his property, became the rector of your village. Mr. Mavorley is dead, but his son lives; and his son, Mr. Elworthy, in happier days was my affianced lover."

A blush suffused my face, but I was in a bluish of disappointment, not of shame. I instantly hated this young Mavorley. He was coming between me and my cherished hopes. Had I been the Giant Elworthy (according to the popular view of the worthy), I should have looked him up and down, and made bread of his bones. I must have looked quite fierce, for Emily said:

"You seem affected, Mr. Elworthy."

"No," I replied, gasping like a fish at her father's landing-net. "No, Miss Leverton, not at all."

This was a tremendous falsehood, but Emily continued quietly:

"After his father's death, Edward Mavorley went to Canada. Five years of steady industry have rewarded him with property. He again seeks my hand—but my father hates him, and has determined that I shall marry you to insure his disappointment. Mr. Elworthy, I respect you, but I cannot love you as I love Edward Mavorley—I have known him from infancy. We were playmates before we could speak. He is my father is a stern, inflexible man. He has taught me to regard his will as law. I do not oppose him, unless—unless you will release me."

Until that moment I did not know how much I loved Emily Leverton. Yet my laugh, and say it was half-love, for she was certainly ten years older than myself; all I did love her deeply—sincerely. Not knowing what to say, I gasped once more.

At this moment there was an authoritative knock at the street-door.

"Papa!" exclaimed Emily.

I nervously caught up my hat and cane, and essayed to depart.

"Stay, stay, I implore you!" she cried, taking my hand between her own. (In this day I preserve the right-hand levelling glove, which her pretty fingers pressed, as sacred relic.) "Be kind, be generous, and release me; nay, do not merely release me, but speak a word for Edward."

This was selfish and inconsiderate of Emily; but then love is selfish and inconsiderate. Jack, the eternal enemy of God, was in my power. I was not only enabled to restore him his shoes of swiftness and sword of sharpness, but also to give him my castle. It was too bad.

Mr. Leverton entered the room.

"Hollo, David!" he said. "Paying your promised visit, eh? That's right. But what's the matter?" he continued abruptly, while a black look passed over his face. "Crying? what about?"

"A conversation I have had with Mr. Elworthy."

"The subject?"

"Edward Mavorley," answered Emily, timidly.

"He is a scoundrel!" thundered Mr. Leverton; "or at least the son of a scoundrel, who robbed me of all my money."

"Mr. Mavorley's intentions were as honest as yours, papa; and he lost his own fortune as you did. Besides, Edward is prepared to repay you."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Leverton.

"To repay you all you lost—upon one condition."

"And that?"

"That he becomes your son-in-law."

"I thought so," sneered Mr. Leverton. "No, Miss Emily. This," he said, clapping me on the back, "is the son-in-law to my taste—David Elworthy."

"I fear not, sir," I stammered out fully.

"What, David?" shouted Mr. Leverton.

"I'll be back directly, sir," I said, and catching up my hat and cane, hurried from the house.

In the space of an hour I returned to Mr. Leverton's lodgings, accompanied by Dr. Gayfield, the faithful medical attendant of our family, who had known us boys and girls before we knew ourselves. He was short and stout, and the walk had put him considerably out of breath.

"Ugh, ugh! David, my child, what a hurry you are in! Consider the length of your legs, and the shortness of my waist. Bless me, what a big fellow you are grown, and only the other day I saw you short-

We should not short, but rather, I think, be a little taller, stop.

"What, stop?"

"Dr. Gayfield."

"No, sir."

"Hang it, you're a good fellow, you're a good fellow, you're a good fellow,

We found Mr. Leverton placing the room with short, force strokes. Really not with a hammer, but with his fingers; his face appeared unutterably faded.

"What, back again, David?" said her father, stopping abruptly in his walk.

"What's this?"

"Dr. Gayfield."

"Divinity?"

"No, sir; medicine," said the little doctor, with a smile and a bow.

"Hang it, David! I thought you had read your rash speech, and brought a pen to arrange preliminaries. We don't want a medical man. I am not ill, and I am only obstinate."

I gathered together the small modicum of courage which animated my primitive frame, and rolling it up into a practicable lump, threw it, so to speak, at Mr. Leverton's head.

"Sir," I said, "will you ask Dr. Gayfield how old I am?"

"What mystery is this?" exclaimed my blinding father-in-law. "I know your age as well as he does. You were born in the month of September."

"Exactly," smiled Dr. Gayfield.

"Eighteen hundred and twenty-three."

"Hollo!" cried the doctor. "We are now in July, eighteen hundred and forty-four, sir, are we not?"

"Certainly."

"Then you mean to say this child is nearly twenty-one?"

"Child!" said Mr. Leverton. "Child! Why do you call him child?"

"Because he is not yet fifteen. See, sir, if you will not believe my word, here is a copy of his baptismal certificate; original to be seen on application at St. Timothy's Church."

Mr. Leverton took the paper in his hand. As he read it, his jaw dropped. "Baptized in October eighteen twenty-nine. Born five weeks preceding, on the ninth of September. David," he said, "you are an impostor."

"Yes, sir," I replied meekly.

"And what is more, you are a monster—a hideous monster. Why, if you go on at this rate till you are really one-and-twenty, you will be ten feet high. Leave the house, you Typo!"

"Father," exclaimed Emily, indignantly, "I will not listen to this language. Boy or man, Mr. Elworthy has behaved with noble unselfishness."

She crossed the room, and shook my hand warmly. The doctor and I presently quitted the house arm-in-arm. Old Leverton had behaved like a brute, but his daughter was an angel.

I have often seen her since, for she is the happy wife of Edward Mervley, or, as I jocularly call him, Jack the Giant-killer. They are my firmest friends. It seems that Edward defeated old Leverton. He had battled with grizzly bears in America, and he determined to conquer this British specimen of the genus. He told Mr. Leverton plainly that he was prepared to repay him all that had been lost in his father's unlucky speculation; but that if he refused this proposition, he would run away with his daughter in spite of him. The recluse at length gave a sullen consent, and they were married. The restoration of his fortune had the same effect on the old fellow that the gold goblet had on Parnell's churlish miser; and although somewhat inordinately addicted to solitude and snuggling for eels, he made a tolerably amiable father-in-law.

It was long before I recovered my disappointment—in fact, I don't think I ever recovered it, for after nineteen years, I am still a bachelor. Nothing would induce me to return to Poplar House Academy. The story was all over the country, and the bare thought of Tubbs' brutal jests filled me with horror. So, after consulting with her friends, my mother sent me to a college in Germany. I should have preferred Patagonia, as my stature would there have been unnoticed, but unfortunately there are no educational establishments in that region. So I went to Beerland, and found my fellow-students less inclined to jeer at me than Englishmen. Except a few harmless jokes about the Broken Spectre, I got on pretty comfortably.

I continued, however, to grow with frightful rapidity. I tried starving, I tried hard exercise, I tried Sybaritic indolence; all systems resulted in additional inches. At twenty-one, I was six feet eleven inches high. At that preposterous altitude, I feel thankful to say, I stopped. I am glad I am not seven feet; it enables me to say, in speaking of myself, I am above six feet, which, you know, is nothing extraordinary.

During the year after I ceased to grow, I measured myself about ten times a day. I had a machine constructed for the purpose. Did I imagine that I had increased half a barleycorn in height I was miserable. But, thank goodness, I have stopped, and never wish to be wound-up again. There is comfort in the thought that declining years will bring a slight declension of stature.

I am now settled in London, for I find that, on the whole, the Cockneys stare less, and make fewer remarks on personal appearance, than country folks. I live quietly and unobtrusively on the interest of my five thousand pounds. The street boys are my worst foes. Only yesterday, a rude boy, pointing to a pair of plump twins in a perambulator, shouted out:

"I say, Master Gnat, wouldn't you like to have them two kids for your supper?" This to me, who would not knowingly tread on a black beetle, is deeply shameful. But I must bear my lot in patience.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

Better than gold, better than gold, Than rank and title a thousand fold, Is a healthy body, a mind at ease, And simple pleasures that always please; A heart that can feel for a neighbor's woe And share his joys with a genial glow, With sympathies large enough to unfold All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear, Though telling for bread in a humble sphere, Doubly blessed with content and health, United by the best of cares of wealth; Lowly living and lofty thought Adorn and ennoble a poor man's lot, For mind and morals, or Nature's plan, Are the genuine test of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose Of the soul of toll when their labors close; Better than gold is the poor man's sleep, And the calm that drops on his slumbers deep; Bring sleeping draughts to the drowsy bed Where luxury pillows his aching head; His slumber opiate labor done, A shorter road to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind, That in the realm of books can find A treasure surpassing Australian ore, And live with the great and good of yore, The sage's lore and the poet's lay, The glories of empire past away; The world's great drama will thus unfold And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home, Where all the friendly charities come, The shrine of love and the heaven of life, Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife, However humble the home may be, Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree, The blessings that never were bought or sold, And center there, are better than gold.

LOST SIR MASSINGBERD.

CHAPTER XVI.

I DO HIR MASSINGBERD A LITTLE FAVOR.

Upon my return to Fairburn, I became the object of immense curiosity and attraction. I was stared at in the rector's pew at church, and in my solitary rides, with a wistful look, as the repository of the great secret of the disruption between Sir Massingberd and his nephew. It was even whispered that I was the prime mover of the young man's rebellion, and had planned the very manner of his escape upon Panther, including the accident. At all events, I knew all that had happened, which nobody else knew, except my tutor himself. Now Mr. Long was as close as wax. Many an invitation had Mrs. Myrtle obtained of late to take a dish of tea upon grounds which her hosts had since stigmatized as false pretences. As the housekeeper and confidential servant of the rector, she had been asked by Mrs. Arabel of the Grange Farm to take evening refreshment with her in a friendly way; also by Mrs. Remnants, who kept that extensive emporium in the village which supplied snuff to the aged of both sexes.

Conceive, then, how every face was turned interrogatively towards Master Meredith—no, Mr. Meredith, now that the object of everybody was to please him. How the dames dropped courtesies, and hoped my honor was well; and my honor's friend too, Mr. Marmaduke, he was well too, they trusted—Heaven bless him; and he was staying away from Fairburn a good bit, was he not; and how did his uncle like that, who had always kept him at home so strict—and he told me he was residing with Mr. Harvey Gerard? Well, dear me, and how odd that was; an atheist and a democrat, people did say; but then, there were some again as spoke well of him.

Sedate Mr. Arabel, set on, without doubt, by his inquisitive lady, even waylaid me in a narrow lane, and insisted upon my looking in at the farm, and partaking of casual hospitality. It was rather difficult to escape from hospitable snares of this kind, but I revealed as little as possible without giving absolute offence. On the other hand, I received some information, the details of which had not been confided to me by Mr. Long.

"Well, sir," remarked Mrs. Arabel, after I had told her all I meant to tell, which was not much, "and it's no wonder as Mr. Marmaduke should have run away, I'm sure."

"My good lady," observed I, "pray, be particular; I never said he ran away; I said his horse ran away."

"Yes, of course, sir," responded the mistress of the Grange, winking in a manner that made me quite uncomfortable; "you are very right to say that, Mr. Meredith—very right. But Sir Massingberd's opinion is, that it was all planned from first to last, only he says you nearly overdid it."

"Ah, indeed," said I; "how was that?"

"Well, it seems Sir Massingberd was quite deceived about that horse he bought for his nephew; instead of being quiet, and fit for the lad, it was a perfect demon; and

it was sheer madness of you young gentlemen to go riding in order to make it run away; then, to arrange with Mr. Gerard all beforehand—well, I must say I shouldn't have thought that either of you would have had the depth."

"Thank you, Mrs. Arabel," said I, laughing; "I am sorry you thought so little of our intelligence."

"Well, sir," returned the former's wife, with an air of excessive candor, "my husband, you see, he often has said to me, says he, 'That young squire Marmaduke, I'm darned if he ain't little better than a fool; he don't know what shot to use for rabbits—that he don't; I never saw his equal for ignorance. And as for that lad from the Grange—that was you, you know, sir—well, of all the young fellows turned of seventeen as I ever saw, he's the—'"

Here Mrs. Arabel crimsoned, and stopped short, as if she had been very nearly betrayed into saying something which was not entirely complimentary.

"Pray, go on, my dear madam," said I; "of all the young fellows turned of seventeen whom he has ever seen, I was the—"

"Well, sir, he'd just the same opinion of you as he had of Master Marmaduke; but, for my part, I always said, that although you might neither on you know so much as you ought to, and though you might seem—as it were—"

"Ay, you always stood our friend, and said we were not such fools as we looked; did you?"

"Just so," replied Mrs. Arabel, simply; "and so you see it has turned out. If Mr. Marmaduke can only live elsewhere till something happens to Sir Massingberd—although, indeed, he looks as if nothing ever could hurt him—his life will doubtless be much pleasanter than at the Hall: it is no place for a young gentleman like him, surely although, indeed, things are better there than they were. That dark-eyed foreign-looking young person—although, indeed, she was old enough to know better—well, she's gone."

"So I have heard," said I dryly.

"Yes, she went away in a whirlwind, she did," continued Mrs. Arabel reflectively.

"Dear me," replied I, "I never heard that."

"Ah, indeed, I dare say not; why, you see, Mr. Long was a little mized up in it. Perhaps he thought it better not to tell you. Take another glass of cowslip wine, sir; it has been more than ten years in bottle, and the cake is as good a cake as you will put teeth into in all Midshire, though I say it as shouldn't say it. Well, the thing happened in this way, you see. The foreign-looking female, she used to throw things at folks—dishes, plates, whatever came first to hand, whenever she was in her tantrums. Mr. Gilmore he had his head opened with a sloop-basin, so that you could lay your finger in it; and Oliver Bradford, I believe she fired a gun at him, charged with swan-shot. However, at times she was quite otherwise, crying and submissive as a child. They said it was religion up at the Hall; but they know nothing about that; how should they? It was hysteria, I dare say, and serve her right too. Well, who should come here, the very Sunday after Mr. Marmaduke had run away, and when Sir Massingberd was like a wild man with rage, and couldn't speak without blaspheming, but one of them Methodist preachers as sometimes hold forth upon our common. Now the foreign-looking female was a-walking in the park shrubbery, with one of her hysterical fits upon her, I suppose, and what does she hear through the pallings but words as I suppose the poor creature never listened to before; and presently out she comes upon the common, and stands up among all the people, with her great eyes swollen with weeping, and her painted cheeks—and I always said they were painted—dashed and smeared with tears. Carter John, who is very much given to that sort of worship, he was there; and he told me she looked for all the world like the woman in the great picture over the communion-table in Crittenden Church, who is wiping the feet of our Lord with her hair."

"Then the preacher, he bade her repent while there was yet time, and fear nothing but only God. But Sir Massingberd, he came out, and dragged her in from the very preacher's hand, and presently out again he comes with a horse-whip, and swears there shall be no Methodists in his parish, and if he caught the hypocritical rascal—as he called him—within hearing again, he'd split his ears. Now, I don't go with him there," pursued Mrs. Arabel, gravely. "It isn't for us, Mr. Meredith, to say as nobody can't pick up good, unless it's in church; and least of all should such things be said by Sir Massingberd, who lets that beautiful family pew get damp and mouldy, with the fire-places empty all the winter long, and never puts his nose into it from year's end to year's end. However, what does the foreign-looking female do, but declare she would starve herself to death, before she would eat the bread of unrighteousness any longer; and not one morsel of food would she take, though they locked her up, and tried to tempt her with her most favorite dishes. So Sir Massingberd, being at his wife's end, came over to the parson, and begged him to come and persuade the woman to be reasonable, and take some refreshment; and Mr. Long—he at first de-

clined to interfere in such a matter at all, but presently thinking the poor creature might be really pained, although it came about through a Methodist, and hoping to do her some good, although not in the way Sir Massingberd intended, he accompanied him to the Hall; and what do you think? Why, they found the poor woman was in such earnest, that she had cut off the whole of her beautiful black hair, and there it lay on the carpet, like so much rubbish. So the squire he swore that he didn't care now whether she starved or not, and turned her out of the house, as I said at first, in a whirlwind. She was very faint and weak; and Mr. Long, who would never exchange a syllable with her before, made Mrs. Myrtle give her a good meal, and gave her some good words himself, and sent her away to her friends—for it seems she had some friends, poor wretch; and this has made Sir Massingberd wilder than ever against the rector, whom he had already accused of aiding and abetting young Mr. Marmaduke in his running away; so that altogether the squire is ready to make an end of everybody."

This last statement, although a little highly colored, as Mrs. Arabel's descriptions usually were, was really not far from the truth. It did almost seem as if the baronet was so transported with passion as to be capable of any enormity. What the law permitted him to do in the way of oppression, that, of course, he practised to the uttermost; his morality, never very diffident, had concentrated itself upon one position—the defence of the game and trap laws. His passions were exalted to immense vigils; the worst characters in the parish were constituted his spies. Every night, it was now the custom of their lord and master to go the rounds in his own preserves, and visit the outposts, to see that the game laws were enforced to the letter. He employed no Warragors or Trapmen Boards in Fairburn Park; his object was not to deter, but to catch the contents of the sacred rights of property in the very act. The pursuit of his life had become man-hunting. I write that word without any reference to Marmaduke Heath, for, indeed, at that time I thought that Sir Massingberd had given up all hope of recovering possession of his nephew. A considerable period had now elapsed since the young man's convalescence, and yet the baronet had taken no steps to compel his return. He had written, indeed, to Marmaduke a letter of anything but a conciliatory character, and calculated to re-arouse the lad's most morbid fears; but Mr. Harvey Gerard had intercepted the dispatch, and returned it with an answer of his own composition. He had stated briefly the results of the late conference at the Dovecot respecting his young guest; he had reiterated his intention of bringing, in a court of justice, the gravest charges against the baronet, in case of any legal molestation from him; and he had finished with a personal recommendation to that gentleman to rest satisfied with the enjoyment of the allowance that was supposed to go to the maintenance of his nephew. Epistolary communication by hand was rendered impracticable, on the part of the baronet, by the removal of the Dovecot household to town.

This was a bitter blow to the lord of Fairburn; he knew so well the subject fear which he had inspired in my unhappy friend, that notwithstanding all that had come and gone yet, he did not doubt that a few words in his own hand-writing would bring the truant back, however loath. We are living now in such quiet times, and under the protection of such equal laws, that I am aware my younger readers will have a difficulty in conceiving how one human being, however powerful, could be held in such terror by others. I was aware from the first, that the present universal security would give my narrative an air of improbability, and I fear that this must increase as it proceeds. I have only to say, that at the period of which I write, there was no poor man in Fairburn parish, however honest, however prudent, who might not have been lodged in jail at the instance of his squire, and would have found it difficult to clear himself; or who might not, on a hint from the same quarter, have been pressed, if he did but give the opportunity, on board a man-of-war. I am likewise certain that had Sir Massingberd ventured upon such a step, he might have recovered possession of his nephew, or at least withdrawn him from his protector, by the strong hand of the law, upon the ground of Mr. Gerard's professed revolutionary principles. In these days of Palmerston and Derby, of Tweedledum and Tweedledee, it is impossible for those who are not old enough to have witnessed it, to imagine the rancor of political parties half a century ago, or the despotism and flagrant injustice that were sanctioned under the convenient name of Order.

For the haughty baronet to be thus cut off from all intercourse with his victim, was to be filled indeed. At first, he stung himself well-nigh to frenzy, like a scorpion within his circle of flame; but after a time the white heat of his wrath began apparently to abate. He seemed to have made up his mind to sit down quietly under his defeat, and to content himself with tyrannizing over those who were yet in his power. This comparatively peaceful state of things was looked upon by Mr. Long and myself at first with suspicion, but at last with real satisfaction.

When Sir Massingberd sent over five pine-apples and some splendid grapes to the Rectory with his compliments (for the first time within twenty years, we shook our heads, and my tutor addressed the messenger of his bounty in these words: "Tell your master I am exceedingly obliged to him for his kindness. 'Times Dances at domestication.'")

"Would you be so good as to write that down, sir?" said the man.

"You may give him the message without the tail," replied the rector, a little disconcerted at his own indiscretion, but congratulating himself immensely that he had expressed his thoughts as succinctly.

But when pine-apples and grapes became common presents from the Hall, we began really to think that the children old master had come to the conclusion that it was as pleasant to be on good terms with his neighbor as not, and that he was gradually bent on reconciliation. A soft answer is said to be efficacious to this end, but it is nothing compared to hot-house devotion out of season; and notwithstanding all I know, and all I suspected, I began to suspect Sir Massingberd Heath, not indeed with less contempt and dislike, but with less positive loathing, and certainly with less fear. I had not set foot upon his property since Marmaduke's departure, and the baronet took occasion to stop me as I rode by his gate one day, and remonstrate upon the lateness of such a course of conduct.

"It can do me no damage, young gentleman, that you should take your pleasure in my park, more especially as you are not a sportsman, who would covet my hares and pheasants; and I cannot but think that your civility to do so is a proof of self-denial towards me, which I am not conscious of having deserved at your hands."

He spoke stiffly, and without comprehension, as a man might speak to an idiot, between himself and whom a misunderstanding existed unexplained, but capable of explanation, and, foolish boy as I was, I felt flattered by his behavior.

If the last notion of making myself out to be a hero had existed in my brain when I began to write these Recollections, it has been dispelled long ago. I have been quite as much surprised during this recital, as any of my readers have been, at the contemplation of my own meanness; if I had known how many and how serious they were to be, perhaps I should have hesitated to recall them; but I commenced with as strong a determination, nothing to extenuate, with respect to myself, as to set nothing down in malice with respect to others; and thus I shall proceed to the end.

While, then, matters were on this less antagonistic footing, and when Marmaduke had been away about a year, business happened to take Mr. Long from Fairburn, and I was left a day and a night my own master. He had not been gone an hour, when Mrs. Myrtle came into the study, where I was employed at my books, with a letter in her hand; she looked quite pale and frightened as she said:

"Lor, Mr. Peter, if this note ain't from Sir Massingberd himself to you. I feels all of a tremble, so as you might knock me down with a peacock's feather."

"Well," said I, forcing a laugh, "but I am not going to use any such weapon, Mrs. Myrtle. What on earth is there to be afraid of in the squire's handwriting? It can't bite."

But I felt in a cold perspiration nevertheless, and my fingers trembled as they undid the misfire. It was a polite invitation to dine with the baronet that evening.

"You are not going, sir, I do hope!" exclaimed the housekeeper eagerly, as soon as I had acquainted her with the contents of the note. "Why, such a thing hasn't happened for this quarter of a century. He'll poison you, as sure as my name's Martha Myrtle. I never saw you and master eating his pine-apples without a shudder; the rector was uncommon ill after one of them, one day."

"Yes, Mrs. Myrtle," said I quietly, "and I have suffered also from the same cause myself; but I don't think the squire was to blame."

"But you ain't a-going, sir; I am sure as master wouldn't like it. Oh, pray say you ain't a-going."

"Well, then, I won't go, Mrs. Myrtle. The fact is, I feel one of my colds coming on; they generally begin with a lump in my throat; so I shall write to excuse myself."

I really had a lump in my throat; my heart had jumped up and stopped there, at the mere notion of a *deu a-late* with Sir Massingberd, diversified—no, intensified—by the presence of Grimjaw. I wouldn't have gone through it for a thousand pounds; so I wrote to decline the honor upon the ground of indisposition. I was compelled to keep the house, I said, for the entire day. Half an hour afterwards another letter arrived from the Hall. Since Sir Massingberd might not enjoy the pleasure of my company at dinner, would I permit him to come over to the Rectory that morning, and have a few words of conversation with me upon a matter deeply interesting to both of us? There was no getting out of this. If I had gone to bed, on plea of illness, I felt even that course would have been no protection to me. Sir Massingberd would have forced a dying man to play with him at pitch-and-

toon, if so important a game had happened to take his time. On the other hand, Mrs. Myrtle's suggestion, that I should accept my horse and ride away after Mr. Long, was really too preposterous a proposition. I therefore wrote back to the baronet, in his blundered, to the effect that I should be very happy to see him; and in a very few minutes afterwards I was sent to meet Sir Massingberd's son.

He came in unannounced—Mrs. Myrtle being equal to such an emergency, and the doorway with his plumed form, and galligh looking towards the ceiling of the hall—room with his hand.

"I am sorry to intrude upon you, Mr. Myrtle," said he; "but what I had to say was of a private nature, and I was anxious of finding you alone at any other time."

I bowed, and begged my visitor to be seated.

"It is something," thought I, "and this man is full of it." For there is no great advantage in being habitually honest and overbearing, that when you are constrained to behave decently, people appreciate one's good manners very much.

"I have called upon you," continued the baronet, "with respect to my nephew and your friend, Marmaduke Heath. It is little to deny that he and I have not been in too another what our mutual relationship should have led us to be. I am naturally a hard man; honest and poverty have sometimes rendered me more so. Marmaduke, on the other hand, is of an over-sensitive and morbid nature. We did not get on together at all well. There were faults on both sides; it was six of one, and—"

I shook my head.

"Very well, then," resumed Sir Massingberd with candor, "let us say that it was I who was in the wrong. I have not the patience and gentleness requisite for dealing with a character like him; my temper is arbitrary; I have behaved with but little courtesy even to yourself. You are polite enough to contradict it, but nevertheless it is true. For that, however, separation can be made. I wish that I could as easily make amends in the other quarter. This, however, I feel is utterly impossible. Things have gone too far. I make no complaint of my nephew's having been encouraged in his rebellious course by one whose duty it was on the contrary, to reconcile us. I wish to say nothing that could only lead to a fruitless discussion, and perhaps a disagreement between you and me; that would be most impolitic in me, since I come here to solicit your good offices."

"Miss, Sir Massingberd?—mine?"

"Yes, I desire your kindly assistance in bringing about a better understanding between Marmaduke and myself."

"Sir," said I, "what you ask is a sheer impossibility. Marmaduke Heath may be wrong in his estimate of your character, but it will remain unchanged to his dying day. I am as certain of this as that yonder yellowing tree will presently lose its leaves."

"You speak frankly, Mr. Meredith," returned the baronet calmly, "and I do not respect you less upon that account. It is not, however, as a mediator that I need your assistance; I ask a much less favor than that; I simply wish you to enclose a letter from me to my nephew."

"Sir Massingberd Heath," said I, with some indignation, "you have done me the favor of calling upon me in my tutor's absence, in the expectation of finding me so weak as to be unable to refuse whatever you chose to ask, or so treacherous as to be willing to deceive those who are generously protecting my best friend from one whom he has every cause to fear. I am extremely obliged to you for the compliment; and with that I laid my hand upon the bell."

"One moment," observed the baronet quietly, nay, with suavity, though the letter U upon his forehead deepened visibly, and the veins of his great hand, as it rested on the table, grew big with passion—"one moment before you ring. I am sorry you should have taken such a view of my conduct as you have described; you young men are somewhat hasty in the impetuosity of motive. I am a straightforward rough fellow, and may have displeased you, but I am not aware that I have done anything to justify you in accusing me of meanness and duplicity. Those persons who have charge of my nephew are, in my judgment, deeply culpable; but I do not wish you to set deliberately towards them on that account. Matters have come to that pass, however, that I cannot even communicate with my nephew, even though I have that to say which would give him genuine pleasure. This Mr. Harvey Gerard—his deep voice shook with hatred as he mentioned that name—"has taken upon himself to return my letters to Marmaduke unopened. I never not how to convey to him even such a one as this."

Sir Massingberd threw across to me a folded sheet, directed to his nephew, and motioned that I should open it. It ran as follows:—

"NEPHEW MARMADUKE—It seems that you are fully determined never again to seek the shelter of my roof; I am given to understand that the time for reconciliation has gone by, and that any attempt to effect it would only cause you annoyance, and

[illegible]

A GOOD CONSTITUTION. A WEAKLY CONSTITUTION.
A HEALTHY CONSTITUTION. A SOUND CONSTITUTION.

WEAK WILL MAKE THE THIN
DELICATE WILL MAKE THE THIN
THIN WILL MAKE THE THIN
DEPRESSED WILL MAKE THE THIN
WILL MAKE THE THIN
WILL MAKE THE THIN
DULL EYE CLEAR AND BRIGHT,
WILL prove a blessing in
EVERY FAMILY.

Can be used with perfect safety by
MALE OR FEMALE, OLD OR YOUNG.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

There are many preparations sold under the name of *Sitters*, but put in your hands, composed of the cheapest whiskey or common rum, costing from 10 to 50 cents per gallon, the same distinguished by *Sitters* or *Sitters* brand. Beware.

This name of *Sitters* has passed, and will continue to pass, to those who are not careful to look to the death of the drunkard. By their use the poison is kept

compensate you for the thousands of Alcoholic Browsers who have been kept away from the **WINE OF HOOFLAND** by not being kept up, and the result is not all the horses agree with a dose of the **WINE OF HOOFLAND**.

For those who desire and **WILL HAVE A LEGAL** test, we publish the following receipt:—Get **ONE DOZEN OF HOOFLAND** and mix with **THREE QUARTS OF GOOD BRANDY** and **DRINK** the mixture **THREE TIMES** in preparation for the **WINE EXHIBITION** in London, and you will find the **WINE OF HOOFLAND** to be the most perfect and true excellence any of the medicinal Wines has ever attained.

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DELICATE CHILDREN,

Those suffering from MARASMOUS, wasting away, with anorexia any flesh on their bones, are cured in a very few days by a bottle in much easier will have most surprising effect.

DEBILITY,

Resulting from fevers of any kind—Those Bitters will renew your strength in a very short time.

FEVER AND AGUE.

The pills will not return if those bitters are used—No chills in a Fever and Ague Distriated should be without them.

FROM REV. J. NEWTON BROWN, D. D.

Although not disposed to favor or recommend Patent Medicine in general, through distrust of their introduction into the market, of no sufficient number of years, yet a man may not justly to the benefits he believes himself to have received from any simple preparation in the kind, and he may not be disposed to give the benefit of others.

I have more readily in regard to Haddock's German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. JACKSON, of this city, because I was prejudiced against them by means of a certain advertisement, in which they were represented by a cocaine mixture. I am indebted to my friend, Dr. J. C. HARRIS, of this city, for a trial of the medicine by proper tests, and for encouragement to let them, when suffering from great and long continued debility, and when the system was in a state of collapse at the beginning of the present year, was followed by constant improvement, and in a few weeks was able to perform manual labor which I had not felt for six months before, and had almost despaired of regaining. I therefore thank God and my friend Dr. J. C. HARRIS.

Yours truly, NEWTON BROWN.

Philadelphia, June 25, 1862.

**ATTENTION, SOLDIERS!
AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!**

We call the attention of all having relations or friends in the army to the fact that "HOGAN'S LINNERS" are now being sent to the front, and that they are being worn by our brave and privations unnumbered in camp. In the use of these Linnings, the health of the army is preserved, and the arrival of the week, it will be noticed that a very large proportion are suffering from debility. Every one who has seen the Linnings, and who has used them, will be able to give the best of evidence in their favor. We have no hesitation in stating that


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